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MINISTER ARRESTED BY MOTHER OF YOUNG GIRL

Rev. H. A. McKelvey, of Bellwood, Under Grave Charge.

FRIENDS STAND BY HIM

Accused Pastor Formerly Located at Port Matilda—Held for Court Under \$2000 Bail—Has Had Factional Troubles in His Church.

Rev. H. A. McKelvey, a minister at Bellwood, and who for a time was located at Port Matilda, was arrested at Bellwood last Friday on a serious charge preferred by the mother of a 14-year old girl. He was detained at the city hall in Altoona until Saturday, when he was released under \$2,000 bail for appearance at court. As to the truth or falsity of the grave charge entered against him we have no knowledge. We reprint the following article published in the Altoona "Tribune" on Saturday, January 23d:

"Rev. H. A. McKelvey, pastor of the United Brethren church of Bellwood, was yesterday afternoon placed under arrest on a warrant issued by Alderman Adam Leake, of the First ward, on the information of Mrs. Rita Smith, in which he is charged with a serious offense. County Detective Spangler served the document on the minister and he was brought to this city and taken before Alderman Leake, where he waived a hearing and was held in \$2,000 bail for court. Not being able to furnish that amount of bail just at once, he was locked up at city hall and will likely secure bondsmen today and secure his liberty.

"Rev. McKelvey for the past several months has not had plain sailing at Bellwood because of a factional fight in his congregation and he was the target of those who were unfriendly to him. His return to the charge at Bellwood was not welcomed by some of the members. Early last month a serious charge was preferred against the minister by a girl of tender years, but later she went before a justice and under oath denied the charges. Since then Rev. McKelvey has not had a pleasant time in the midst of his congregation.

"The latest charge to be brought against Rev. McKelvey caused a great surprise in Bellwood and in this city. It was one of those unfortunate cases that spread rapidly and was on many tongues last night. Mrs. Smith, the informant in the case, alleges that she but a few days ago learned of the attack upon her daughter, that the child had first told three or four of her friends before her mother learned of it. Mrs. Smith came to Altoona on Thursday, had a conference with Mayor Walker and then was sent to see District Attorney Patterson.

"District Attorney Patterson had the mother bring the girl to his office at Hollidaysburg. She repeated the story to the district attorney, stated that the crime was committed while her mother and the minister's wife were in this city on December 9 and that she feared to tell her mother what had occurred. District Attorney Patterson instructed the woman to come to this city and enter a charge against the minister before Alderman Leake. This was done and Rev. McKelvey's arrest followed."

On Monday, January 25th, the Altoona "Tribune" published the following telling of the release of Mr. McKelvey under bail, after being held for trial in court:

"Bellwood is much stirred up and highly indignant over the arrest of Rev. H. A. McKelvey, pastor of the United Brethren church, on Friday evening on a criminal charge preferred by Mrs. Rita Smith. The case was the topic of general conversation on Saturday and the majority pinned their faith to the minister's innocence. He was not deserted by his friends in the congregation and town and they arranged a ball that brought him his release to wait trial at court.

"Rev. McKelvey remained a prisoner at city hall until Saturday afternoon, when satisfactory bail was secured and accepted. In the evening at 7 o'clock he was given a preliminary hearing before Alderman Leake. The prosecutor, Mrs. Rita Smith, and her daughter, Bessie Smith, the victim of the alleged assault, were present and after they had recited the charge against the minister Alderman Leake decided to hold the case for court.

"Rev. McKelvey was not one bit perturbed by a night spent in the city prison, was outwardly calm and not a trace of fear marked his countenance.

"There were a number of his friends present at the hearing and they were in excess of the curiosity seekers. Very few of them succeeded in gaining an entrance to the magistrate's office to hear

the testimony against the accused pastor. At the conclusion of the hearing Rev. McKelvey was taken in charge by his friends and taken to his home. His being kept a prisoner for over half a day was due to the fact that the alderman was not permitted to accept bail and this formality for a time puzzled his friends until they were set right by an attorney. In Bellwood his friends are standing with him. They not only secured bail for his release but will employ the attorney to defend him in court."

TRIAL LIST

Cases Scheduled for Consideration at Next Term of Court.

Prothonotary Foreman has listed the following cases for trial at the next term of court:

FIRST WEEK, FEB. 22.

Christian Sharrer vs. D. O. Downing; appeal.

Mrs. Effie Taylor and John Taylor vs. Bubb & Son; appeal.

Alton Baney vs. J. T. Beckwith; appeal.

Potter-Hoy Hardware Co. vs. H. A. Ellis; appeal.

Christian Sharrer vs. C. P. Caughey Lumber Co.; appeal.

SECOND WEEK, MARCH 1.

American Lime & Stone Co. vs. Adms. J. C. Meyer, deceased; assumpsit.

C. T. Gerberich vs. Adms. of J. C. Meyer, deceased, and others; assumpsit.

Stoney Brook Slate & Brick Co. vs. Centre Brick & Clay Co.; assumpsit.

Mrs. Camelia B. Beightol vs. Lehigh Valley Coal Co.; trespass.

Wilbur H. Wising vs. Wilson G. Prantz; trespass.

Peter Mendis vs. A. E. Schadt; assumpsit.

Chas. L. Neff vs. Pennsylvania Railroad Co.; trespass.

John I. Thompson, Jr., and Margaret J. Thompson vs. W. Calvin Meyer; trespass.

William Whitmer & Sons Co. vs. William Showers; trespass.

F. E. Nagney vs. Fidelity Fire Insurance Co.; assumpsit.

Same vs. London Assurance Corporation; assumpsit.

Same vs. Delaware Underwriters; assumpsit.

Same vs. Teatonia Fire Insurance Co.; assumpsit.

Same vs. Insurance Company of North America; assumpsit.

Charles Kelley vs. A. E. Schadt; assumpsit.

Alexander Heverly vs. Penna. Fire Brick Co.; trespass.

W. H. Sheets vs. M. M. Shawver and I. A. Shawver; trespass.

W. T. Rawleigh Medical Co. vs. Ray Allison; assumpsit.

AUTO INJURED COASTER

Fifteen Year Old Boy Struck by Machine While at Play at Prossertown.

While 15-years old Harry Auman was coasting on a hill near Prossertown on Sunday afternoon he was struck by the automobile of C. C. Robinson, of State College. The lad was quite seriously injured. His right leg was fractured and an ugly gash inflicted on his scalp. He was removed to the Bellefonte hospital, where it was said yesterday that he was getting along nicely.

Mr. Robinson was driving toward Bellefonte to reach here in time for the afternoon train to Tyrone. His view of the hill was obstructed by several houses and before he realized it young Auman ran in front of the rapidly moving machine.

Sunday School Institutes.

Twenty important Institutes for Sunday School workers will be held in various parts of the State of Pennsylvania during the month of February.

These Institutes will be conducted by four parties sent out by the Pennsylvania State Sabbath School Association, and will be held for the purpose of developing an evangelistic policy for the Sunday School. The Institute scheduled for Blair, Cambria, Centre and Huntingdon Counties will be held at Tyrone in the Presbyterian Church, on February 9, 1915.

It is requested that the schools of these counties send as many representatives as possible to attend this important meeting. For advertising matter for the Institute write to Darius Walte, Sec'y., Bellefonte, Pa.

Stone- Reynolds.

Joseph P. Stone, of Unionville, and Miss Freda May Reynolds, of Bellefonte, were married at the St. John's Protestant Episcopal parsonage, by Rev. Mr. Charlton, on Thursday evening, January 21st. The newly married couple have a host of friends who wish them the greatest happiness.

J. Kennedy Johnston's Statement In Opposing License Renewals

J. Kennedy Johnston, counsel for petitioners against renewals of liquor licenses in Bellefonte, Centre Hall and Philipsburg boroughs, has made public the argument and brief filed by him with Judge Orvis before the latter announced Mr. Johnston's statement to the court was as follows:

FIRST:—The principal grounds upon which petitioners pray that no license be granted to the applicants is that of "no necessity" requiring or demanding that license should be granted, in each specific instance; also a special petition or remonstrance is presented in the Borough of Bellefonte upon general or moral grounds, setting forth the advantages to be gained, as viewed by petitioners, in the said borough, by the refusal of all liquor license.

SECOND:—The present High License Law, known as the Brooks Law, as enacted on May 13, 1887, Section 7, provides inter alia, as follows: "The said court of quarter sessions shall hear petitions from residents of the ward, borough or township, in addition to that of the applicant, in favor of and remonstrance against the applicant for such license and in all cases shall refuse the same whenever, in the opinion of the said court, having due regard to the number and character of the petitioners for and against such application, such license is not necessary for the accommodation of the public and entertainment of strangers or travelers." &c.

The foregoing provisions so far as necessity of a license are concerned and to be considered by the Court, were enacted in plain every day English language, and unless there be some rule or law to the contrary should be given such an interpretation as indicated by the usual understanding and definition of the words in general parlance.

The law itself only requires and provides that petitioners for as well as against shall be the method of informing the Court, upon the question of necessity of the license, by the residents of any given community as therein contained; all residents of a community may sign petition on one side or the other, and thereby make it a unanimous declaration of what the immediate residents desire, think or believe on the question of granting or refusing any particular applicants petition.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Frances Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Lot B, Callahan, et ux, to Sadie Myrtle Kennedy, tract in Rush Twp.; \$150.

A. B. Lee, Sheriff, to Katherine E. Mensch, 2 tracts in Haines Twp.; \$206.

A. B. Lee, Sheriff, to James Orvis Heverly, 4 tracts in Howard Twp.; \$10.

A. B. Lee, Sheriff, to Bardine Butler, tract in Howard Twp.; \$1,075.

A. B. Lee, Sheriff, to S. F. Diehl, tract in Howard Twp.; \$100.

A. B. Lee, Sheriff, to Jacob Ritzman, tract in Howard Twp.; \$2,025.

Jacob Peerrar's heirs, to George W. Feerrar, 3 tracts in Harris Twp.; \$1.

M. D. Kelley, et al, to Mary S. Shope, tract in Snow Shoe Boro.; \$500.

Elmer R. McClellan, et ux, to Susan Long, et al, tract in Potter Twp.; \$100.

Annie L. McGann, to Orlando C. Rows, tract in State College Boro.; \$7,500.

Claude Moore, et al, to Jacob Williamson, tract in Philipsburg Boro.; \$475.

Jacob Williamson, to Mary T. Carson, tract in Philipsburg Boro.; \$600.

Annie Swartz, et al, to Bessie Treaster, 4 tracts in Penn Twp.; \$200.

Annie Swartz, et al, to Annie Brandt, 4 tracts in Penn Twp.; \$500.

John H. Herman, et ux, to W. H. Noll, Jr., et al, tract in Spring Twp.; \$10.

Samuel Markowitz, et ux, to Pennsylvania R. Co., 2 tracts in Taylor Twp.; \$100.

John C. Barnes, to James L. Bailey, tract in Bellefonte Boro.; \$2,150.

Suzannah Corman, et al, to Jesse Shaffer, tract in Walker Twp.; \$650.

Oscar J. Auman, et al, to Edward C. Decker, tract in Gregg Twp.; \$600.

Charles A. Walker, et ux, to Samuel C. Brown, tract in Howard Boro. & Twp.; \$25.

Pastor Resigned.

Rev. Jacob Diehl, at one time located at Howard, has announced his resignation as pastor of St. John's Lutheran church, at Lock Haven. He has accepted a call to another church, the name of which has not been announced.

this, however is not practicable, owing to the fact of many residents being indifferent on the question, and some for business or social reasons refused to sign petition upon either side of the question.

On account, therefore, of many not signing petition on either side, the Court cannot have for his information a full expression of the belief or knowledge of all residents in a given community; this situation, however, is not unusual for we realize that all our people do not exercise the right of voting at our general elections, but the fact of some electors not exercising their right of citizenship at time of election does not prevent a legal return being made as those who shall fill the various offices; likewise in matter of petition for as well as against the granting of liquor licenses, those who have signed either for or against 'shall be heard' and any conclusion reached by the Court based upon the petitions presented cannot be questioned by those who for various reasons have not made themselves a party to the proceedings.

Liquor licenses are granted annually simply upon the petition of applicant, without any testimony or other method of informing the Court, as to the necessity, &c. We also hold that a license under our present laws may be refused upon a remonstrance or petition against the granting with as much propriety as they can be granted; as a general proposition of law the character of the evidence produced upon the negative or defendant's side of the question, need be of no higher grade or quality than that of the affirmative or plaintiff's side; if other words one petition is as good as another—excepting, however, the difference, if any, in number and character of the petitioners, and as the law now stands the latter conditions are the ones for the Court's mature and deliberate consideration, and from this condition be, as we understand the plain mandates of the law, require his judicial discretion and renders his decree or order accordingly.

The writer of this brief and argument realizes full well that men do not think alike, and their method of reasoning varies greatly even though their final conclusions may be virtually the same; this, however, refers more particularly to the natural trend of thought upon any

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Many Un-employed.

In December the Woman's Club, of Bellefonte, received an urgent appeal from the State Federation of Women asking for co-operation in ascertaining the industrial conditions in Pennsylvania. Each club was requested to report on the percentage of unemployed in their own locality.

In the first week in January a committee of the Woman's Club was organized, and in ten days they canvassed the town of Bellefonte, Pleasant View the Forge, Prossertown, and the old glass works district. The summing up was as follows: 50 people asked for employment; of these eight were women wanting house work, and 42 were men out of work.

Since this census there has been a report of 23 Americans (mostly citizens of Bellefonte) being laid off from work at the Penitentiary.

Mrs. Richard S. Brouse, Thomas St., Chairman of the Committee, keeps a list of the names of people wanting employment and will be glad to receive the names of any more who are in need of work. She is also desirous of assistance in procuring employment for these people.

In this investigation it was found that there are sixteen families (consisting of from four to eleven members) needing immediate help in shoes, underclothing and coal.

A number of families were found that are living on reduced wages, but who did not ask for assistance.

Mrs. Brouse will be glad to receive clothes or money to supply those in need of necessities.

MARY MILES BLANCHARD, Pres't, Woman's Club, Bellefonte, Pa.

To Re-imburse Cattle Owners.

Governor Brumbaugh favors reimbursing cattle owners who lost animals because of foot and mouth disease quarantine measures. This will be cared for in a separate bill to be introduced in the Legislature. This statement was made after a conference last week with Dr. C. J. Marshall, executive officer of the Livestock Sanitary Board, who impressed the Governor with the necessity of relieving the hundreds of farmers who have lost cattle. The Governor was much interested and said a separate appropriation bill would be drafted.

BROADENS PENN STATE

Governor Proposes Shifting All Agricultural Instruction There.

As an initial move in his scheme for reorganization in the machinery of the State government Governor Brumbaugh is planning to give "the Wisconsin idea" a thorough try-out in Pennsylvania with State College as the centre for attendant activities. To give a direct application of the Western proposition, the Governor is planning to wipe out all of the educational features connected with the Department of Agriculture and to transfer all matters relating to the instruction of the farmers to State College.

It is the intention of the new Governor to centralize all instructive activities of the State in relation to agriculture and to make the department distinctly administrative. As State College has a well-defined organization for carrying on the work of instructing farmers, and looks to the Legislature for appropriations to further develop this work, these present educational activities of the department are expected to be transferred to the faculty of that institution.

Governor Brumbaugh was a member of a party of Philadelphia officials and citizens who visited the University of Wisconsin in May, 1913, known as "the Wisconsin idea," with the main thought being to "carry the college to the people when the people cannot go to the college."

At Harrisburg, last Friday the Governor was asked regarding the agricultural educational project advocated in his inaugural address. He said that he had in mind the fact that the Government gives a certain amount for agricultural education, and that this scheme of instruction could be centralized at State College. He declared that it would be far better to centralize the educational features of agriculture, and to make the State Agricultural Department purely administrative. "Teaching functions," said the Governor, "should be separate and distinct from administrative functions."

While the new plan is expected to meet with the approval of State College, its advocacy created much concern among employees of the Department of Agriculture. Under the scheme of the Governor the Farmers' Institute Department, the Board of Agricultural Instructors and the Division of Zoology would be affected, as at present outlined. These offices in the past have been regarded as valuable political assets and the Governor's program is not expected to be popular on Capitol Hill. In the Farmers' Institute Department, last year, there were 34 lecturers employed during the "institute season," and were paid from \$3 to \$8 per day and expenses. The Board of Agricultural Instructors and Demonstrators consisted of nine members at \$2100 each. Eight of the board were "double-headed" in the State employ, as they were also paid as institute lecturers. There are 28 nursery inspectors and demonstrators in the Division of Economic Zoology, who receive from \$1200 to \$1700 a year. During the closed months of the year these men are practically idle. It is proposed to have this work of inspection and instruction placed under State College in the future.

Presented With Gold Cornet.

Philip F. Garbrick, of Coleville, who for some time past has been located at Kane, Pa., was the recipient of a handsome and valuable gift on Christmas which would suggest that he stands pretty well with the people of that place. Last spring Phil organized the Red Men's cornet band at Kane and had just got the members started nicely with practicing when he was taken ill and had to undergo an operation for appendicitis. The band members concluded that they wanted to show their appreciation of his efforts, and on Christmas they presented him with a quadruple gold plated cornet. The bell bears the inscription, "Presented to P. F. Garbrick by the Red Men's Band of Kane." Phil knew nothing about the purchase of the cornet and when it was presented to him he was taken completely by surprise. When he had recovered somewhat he managed to thank the band members and remarked that he was as proud of the gift as a peacock is of its fine feathers. Phil has never fully recovered from the effects of his operation, but he continues to get stronger and it is expected that eventually he will be back to fighting time.

Gen. Stewart Re-appointed.

Governor Brumbaugh on Monday announced the appointment of Adjutant General Thomas J. Stewart to another term of four years. Gen. Stewart has the unique record of having served under six Governors. He was first appointed by Governor Hastings, in January, 1895, and has since been reappointed by Governors Stone, Pennypacker, Stuart, Tener and Brumbaugh.

AGED WOMAN'S MURDERER CONFESSES TO CRIME

Paul VanHorn Admitted Killing Mrs. May J. Fulmer.

FOUND AT HARRISBURG

Fiendish Crime Committed by Young Man at Williamsport—Motive was Robbery and all He Secured was \$7—Wife also Arrested.

Paul VanHorn and his wife, Mrs. Anna Stroup VanHorn, of Williamsport, were arrested this week and the former charged with the brutal murder of Mrs. Mary J. Fulmer, at Williamsport. The aged woman was beaten and robbed, later dying from her wounds. VanHorn's wife is being held as an accessory after the fact. VanHorn, in a statement, has confessed his guilt but exonerates his wife from complicity in the terrible crime.

Mrs. Fulmer was regarded as rich, and VanHorn, in his confession, says that he attacked her for the purpose of robbery. He said that he was not aware that he had killed her until he read of her death in Williamsport newspapers. VanHorn and his wife immediately left Williamsport and went to Harrisburg. A letter written by VanHorn to his grandmother in Williamsport led to his detection and arrest. In his confession VanHorn says that he only found \$7 in the murdered woman's home.

MISS RATHMELL'S SUCCESS

Hublersburg Young Lady Wins Advancement as Teacher in Allegheny County.

Centre County friends of Miss Nellie Rathmell, of Hublersburg, will be not only interested but deeply gratified to learn that she has recently won flattering honors as a teacher of the public schools in Allegheny County. Some months ago Miss Rathmell went to Pitsaun and secured a position as a teacher in one of the schools in Patton Township, Allegheny County. In that capacity she achieved an enviable record and won the full confidence of the Supervising Principal and all of the members of the school board. She had been teaching this school about four and one-half months when, there occurred a vacancy in one of the public schools in Pitsaun, namely Sixth Grade, No. 2 building. The position was one much more desirable in every way than that which Miss Rathmell had been filling and friends of the school in Pitsaun took the initiative in a movement to have her selected for the vacancy. To accomplish this was no easy matter. She had been doing such satisfactory work in the Patton Township school that the principal and members of the board were reluctant to grant her a release, and without a release she was not eligible for the Pitsaun vacancy.

And thereby hangs another story. Now in and nearby Pitsaun are quite a number of former Centre Countians. The number includes Jim Markle, a former Hublersburg boy, and others equally well known here. When they learned that there was a mighty good chance for Miss Rathmell to secure the Pitsaun position they jumped into the situation in her behalf, and by united and enthusiastic work they obtained her release from the Patton Township board. Much to the gratification of Miss Rathmell and her Centre County supporters she was the only one nominated for the Pitsaun vacancy and she received the unanimous vote of the Pitsaun School Board. Her new position is a fine advancement and carries a salary \$20 a month more than she had been receiving. It also puts her in line for further promotion.

Miss Rathmell formerly was a teacher in Centre County. It involved considerable courage and sacrifice for her to remove to Allegheny County and take her chances for a place as a teacher, but she pluckily made the effort and her success is so notable as to inspire a feeling of pride among a host of admiring friends at home. That the Centre Countians residing in and nearby Pitsaun should rally so splendidly to the support of one of their number is cause for congratulation.

On Important Committee.

Representative Harry E. Scott, of Philipsburg, Centre County's member in the House at Harrisburg, has been appointed by Speaker Ambler to membership in the Appropriations Committee, and the Forestry Committee. His appointment to the Appropriations Committee is of particular importance in view of the fact that we have in Centre County the Pennsylvania State College, the new Western Penitentiary, the fish hatchery and two hospitals, all of which are largely dependent upon State aid.

ANTI-LICENSE BRIEF

(continued from first page.)

given subject, and can hardly be applied to the issue at hand, for the Liquor Law referred to prescribes the method or mode of reasoning to be followed in reaching a conclusion upon any given liquor license, namely: "and in all cases shall refuse the same whenever, in the opinion of the said Court, having due regard to the number and character of the petitioners for and against such application, such license is not necessary" &c.

The legislators of 1887, knowingly or unintentionally inserted and enacted into the Brook's High License law, the true American principle of government, and by the Court following the instructions of the law itself, and by considering the petition pro and con as to number and character of petitioners, the burden virtually shifts from the Court to the residents themselves, and the Courts' judicial discretion—which in these cases simply means a comparison of the number and character of the petitioners for as well as against—should be a decree confirming the will of the residents; and an order or decree based upon the weight of the petitions as indicated and directed, either for or against the granting of the license, has not been reversed by our appellate courts since the present law was enacted, and in fact the same principle was upheld by our appellate courts prior to the enactment of our present law.

The preponderance of evidence as shown by petitioners either for or against each respective application should control, but the weight or preponderance of petition or evidence does not of necessity mean the greater number, for in many cases one person may out-weigh three or four, the same as in trial by cases before a jury. Usually the petition for the license is signed by residents who are directly or indirectly interested from a license viewpoint—either from a personal or mercenary stand-point, or as a matter of convenience for the securing of intoxicating drinks—such residents could not well be given the same weight as those who are distinctly disinterested so far as gain is concerned.

Our Supreme Court in Reed's Appeal, 114, Pa., on page 463, has held that women are residents within the meaning of the liquor laws, and that they are to be considered and counted the same as the men, who have signed either for or against the license. In our judgment many women are in a position and fully capable to judge advisedly upon the question of license, and in fact their judgment, owing to their position in the social sphere of life, enables them to reach a more accurate decision as to the necessity of a license than many men; on question of furnishing meals they have the advantage they know how to entertain guests, and they know by personal experience that all entertaining can be done without the use of intoxicating drinks; they know full well the baleful effects produced by the long sinuous tentacles of the octopus that knows no safe retreat in any walk of life from the cradle to the grave. Man's thoughts are more apt to be dwarfed by the mercenary side of the question than that of the mother of man; her eye is thought is for her children's welfare; it is therefore no wonder that the Legislature in enacting the present liquor laws used the term 'residents' instead of 'electors' in designating those who may sign petitions for or against the granting of licenses. The signature to the remonstrances of any and all of the women, who are when all is said and done, the bulwark of all good principles upheld by her sons, should have full and careful consideration and when so considered, there are many thereon, who may by weight of their judgment, and character out-class and out-weigh a larger number who may be petitioners for the granting of the license.

We fully realize that many of our Courts do not consider that the question of morals and economics enters into the question of either granting or refusing liquor license; as a cold legal proposition taken in the abstract, this no doubt is correct, but taking the question as a concrete proposition, we fail to follow such reasoning to any great extent. When we consider that all remedial legislation has been conceived, enacted and maintained upon the principle of morality, can we with propriety say that the interpretation of such laws shall be absolved entirely from the same principle upon which they alone can be enforced and maintained?

On the question of economy, it has never been our conception of any of our laws to keep any man or set of men in a money making business when by the making of money, it has been at a total loss to all persons other than those engaged in the business. Under our liquor license system there only two persons in our county who make any thing from a financial stand-point out of it, namely the liquor dealer, and the landlord who may receive a larger rent than he probably would otherwise receive; and this again to those two men is at the expense of every man who pays his share of taxes, whether it be poor, county, state or any other tax that goes toward maintaining the Commonwealth or any portion of it; indirectly every man who contributes to a church, school or institution for the

betterment of humanity contributes a portion thereof, owing to the liquor traffic.

If we are correct in our logic can the great principle of our government be maintained, namely: "the most good for the most people" and maintain at the same time an un-American institution that does not assist in any manner whatsoever to elevate or ennoble the lives of men and women—but an institution that we may all observe does pull down and destroy the good that would otherwise be accomplished.

The men and women of each and every community, under our present law, have a right to be heard, and they have a right to say, as to whether or not the liquor license is a 'necessity' in their community, and the law within itself does not stop to ask whether it is a question of morals, economy or a mercenary view point that prompts them to exercise their privileges as American citizens.

The day was when the employers of salaried men were indifferent as to whether or not a man was a drinking man, but such is not the case in these days; the man who drinks has been replaced by the sober industrious man on the 'road'; years ago there might have been a necessity for a license for the 'entertainment of travelers', today he is not the man who patronizes the licensed saloon; the railroad companies realize the importance of sobriety; the man of intemperate habits has been replaced by a different type of man from former years.

Air, food, clothing and shelter are the only known necessities of man, and our scientists and physiologists have never included in that list intoxicating drinks; no license is needed in this Common wealth to furnish the real necessities of life, and unless liquors are a necessity, there can be no actual necessity for the granting of a license to sell intoxicating drinks, unless it be for the purpose of a few making money at the expense of the many which to say the least is against the principle in which this government was conceived, formulated and has been maintained.

A license is a privilege with the same force and effect as a lease; a license is granted for one year, with no assurance or guarantee that it shall be renewed; the licensee accepts the license with a full understanding of the duration of his privilege.

The relation of the residents of any given ward, borough or township towards the licensed liquor dealer is similar in character to that of landlord and tenant under our present liquor laws.

A certain number of residents in each case joins with the applicant in asking the Court for the people to renew the applicant's privilege for another year; and other residents join in a petition or remonstrance asking the Court for the people to refuse the granting of a renewal of the license or privilege to sell intoxicating drinks.

Having 'due regard to the number and character' of the petitioners for as well as against the granting of the license, and it appearing that the residents—who are virtually the landlords—who have signed the petition desiring that the license, privilege or lease, be not renewed out-weigh in number and character those who have petitioned for the renewal, we consider that the residents of the community have decided the matter for themselves and the license should be refused.

We realize that the present law governing the granting of liquor license is not a local option regulation, but it has the same effect as a local option law inasmuch as it gives the residents of each locality a right to be heard upon petitions pro or con, and upon a consideration of the respective petitions by the Court the conclusion or order made thereunder is presumed to be according to the number and character of petitioners as contained upon the respective petitions; and all things being equal the majority controls, which is the same principle as that of local option laws; and the present liquor license law may be as efficacious in any given application for license as a local option law might be in any subdivision of the state as provided under a local option statute.

No new principle has been decided by any of our Courts, relative to the regulation of the granting of liquor license in recent years, as all of our decisions are uniform throughout under our present laws; and all decisions hold that the question is one of judicial discretion vested in the Court of Quarter Sessions, which said judicial discretion should be based upon the Court's opinion as may be formed and concluded from the information before the Court, either by petitions, evidence or from personal knowledge; the existing liquor laws have, however, been, within the last year, very much elucidated for the guidance of those who may be interested in trying to harmonize the various decisions rendered by the various Courts of Quarter Sessions in the disposal of the liquor license question—by an exhaustive decision that is clear from doubt, full of sound and legal logic, and with a convincing conclusion, that any and all licenses may be refused, rendered by Judge Criswell, of Venango County. Which said decision has not, to our knowledge, been reported, but for convenience I am herewith filing same in pamphlet form; said decision having since been confirmed by the Superior Court and the Supreme Court has refused to review said confirmation, thereby, in effect, confirming same by the Supreme

Court. By a careful comparison of the petitions for each of the various applicants, in Philipsburg Borough, Centre Hall Borough, and Bellefonte Borough, with that of the remonstrance covering each application, and 'having due regard to the number and character' of the petitioners for as well as against the granting of the respective license, whether it be for retail tavern license, wholesale license or brewers' license, as herein after more fully set forth by way of tabulation, we believe that we are justified in saying that, in our judgment, the preponderance of the remonstrances out-weigh that of the petition for license and that the license in each case should be refused.

TABULATION OF REMONSTRANCES.

The first remonstrance of Philipsburg Borough is specifically against the nine applicants for retail or tavern licenses—the signers thereon consisting of men (voters)—128, and women residents—174, making a total of—302.

The second in Philipsburg Borough is remonstrance specifically against each and all the wholesale applicants as well as applicants for brewery license and the signers consist of men (voters) 117, and women residents—181, making a total of—298.

The remonstrance in Centre Hall Borough against the granting of license to J. R. G. Allison being a specific remonstrance consisting of petitioners as follows: men who are voters—50, women residents—76 making a total of—126.

The remonstrance in Bellefonte Borough consisting first, of a general remonstrance signed by 64 residents; second, a specific remonstrance in the West Ward against the applicant for license in said Ward, said remonstrance having been signed by men only to the number of 43; third, a specific remonstrance against the four applicants in the South Ward of Bellefonte Borough, which said remonstrance is signed by men who are electors—23, and women residents—120, making a total of—143.

Each and all of the foregoing specific remonstrances are on the ground of no necessity for the granting of the licenses to any one or all of the respective applicants.

We feel justified in saying that in a number of these instances the signers of the remonstrances are such in number and character that a similar number or equivalent petition for the granting of the license cannot be secured and duplicated in the given community in which the license is asked for, and while we have not had an opportunity of making a thorough comparison of the petitioners for with the remonstrance against, by information, we are led to believe that including all the licenses in the Borough of Philipsburg, Centre Hall Borough and Bellefonte Borough, the number of the petitioners against is greater than the number of the petitioners for the granting of the licenses, and so far as the character and standing in the business and social world in these respective communities, we are led to believe and feel justified in saying that preponderance of this special qualification to be considered in the disposal of the question of granting or refusing said license stands forth prominently on the side of the remonstrance as against that of the applicant.

We would therefore respectfully pray as follows, to wit:

1st.—That the application of David C. Puderbach, Parado & Guschak, Albert Fasshauer, Wm. H. Hindel, Jesse R. Clifford, Wm. M. Bowser, Grebe Brothers & Crago, Samuel Rodgers, and Wm. J. Rapsey, for retail or tavern license in the Borough of Philipsburg (nearly all of whom are in the 2nd ward) be refused.

2nd.—That the application of George Parks, Orin Vail and James Black for wholesale license, and of Philipsburg Brewing Co., for brewers license, in the Borough of Philipsburg, be refused.

3rd.—That the application of J. R. G. Allison, for retail or tavern license in the Borough of Centre Hall, be refused.

4th.—That the application of W. L. Daggett, for retail or tavern license in the West-ward of Bellefonte Borough, be refused.

5th.—That the application of Henry Kline, James Noonan, H. S. Ray, and August Glinz, for retail or tavern license in the South-ward of Bellefonte Borough be refused.

Said applicants for liquor licenses are asked to be refused by your Honorable Court for the year 1915, upon the ground of 'no necessity' which prayer and request, under the respective remonstrances filed, and under our present existing liquor laws, can be sustained and the respective licenses legally refused.

In conclusion we beg to state that we have not cited any decision herein, excepting in the two instances, for the reason that we fully realize that the question of granting or refusing liquor license is vested in the discretion of the Court, and owing to this fact there are many decisions upon both sides of the question, and owing to the fact of it being a matter of judicial discretion our appellate courts have confirmed the various decisions as rendered, whenever appeals have been taken, hence we do not consider it necessary or expedient to cite cases on either side.

Respectfully submitted,
J. K. JOHNSON.
Atty. for remonstrances in Philipsburg Boro., Centre Hall Boro., and Bellefonte Boro., December 26th, 1914.

OCEAN TO OCEAN TELEPHONE SERVICE ACHIEVED

First Message From New York to San Francisco

Historic Event Celebrated With A. G. Bell at Atlantic End and T. A. Watson at the Pacific End of Line

NEW YORK, January 25.—This afternoon the voice of man was made to leap across the continent—New York and San Francisco were connected by telephone. Impressively, almost solemnly, Alexander Graham Bell, a big white-haired man whose full white beard gives him a typical patriarchal look, spoke the first words over the span of 3400 miles. In San Francisco there sat, listening to this first trans-continental message, the man who almost forty years ago heard Dr. Bell speak the first words that ever traveled over a wire. This man was Thomas A. Watson, Dr. Bell's assistant when he invented the telephone in 1875. Small wonder that few of those who witnessed this formal opening of the new continent-spanning line could restrain their emotions. Here was history in the making as well as a confirmation of that oft-spoken phrase that history repeats itself. Here were these two men who, in their youth, had conceived and created the epoch-making telephone—an achievement the greatness of which is reserved for the few—here were they, testing the crowning achievement of the telephone engineers who, following in the footsteps of the inventor and his assistant, took the first little telephone and created for it lines and switchboards and innumerable pieces of apparatus until speech can now be repeated across the entire nation from ocean to ocean. This indeed was a wonderful fulfillment to be crowded into the short space of a man's life-time.



THEODORE N. VAIL
President American Telephone & Telegraph Co.

Such were the thoughts of those who witnessed this impressive inaugural of the trans-continental telephone service in the office of the President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company at 15 Dry Street. Among those who witnessed the formal opening by Dr. Bell, and who afterward talked to 'Frisco' were Mayor Mitchell, other city officials, members of the various civic bodies and other prominent persons to the number of about one hundred. There were besides a number of telephone officials including J. J. Carty, Chief Engineer of the Bell System, under whose direction the new line was constructed; B. Gherardi, another prominent telephone engineer, and Thomas B. Doolittle, who developed hard drawn copper wire. In San Francisco, beside Mr. Watson, there were the Mayor, the President of the Panama-Pacific Exposition and a small group of other much-interested persons.

At the White House President Wilson spoke into the mouthpiece of his telephone and his voice was whirled across thirteen States to the shores of the Pacific.

Theodore N. Vail, the President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, was unable to be present but special arrangements were made which permitted him to be connected with the trans-continental line from his stopping place at Jekyll Island on the Florida coast. In this way he was able to converse with Dr. Bell and Mr. Watson and these three men who have contributed much to the making of telephone history were all "present," although separated by hundreds of miles, at this significant event.

"Ahoy! Ahoy! Can you hear me?" asked Dr. Bell, and instantly there was a murmur in the receiver audible to everyone in the room. Out in San Francisco in the offices of the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company, Thomas A. Watson had heard the voice of his old-time associate signalling in the manner they had employed in their earliest experiments, and had answered: "I can hear perfectly."

The telephone used by Dr. Bell in his talk was the same crude instrument which transmitted the first message, and there was an added touch of sentiment in the fact that there had been spliced to the line some of the wire which was used in the first sustained talk almost 40 years ago.

The original telephone which is a curious-looking contraption with a thin membrane of gold-beater's skin stretched tight for a diaphragm, is still capable of transmitting the voice, but no one familiar with the telephone of to-day would have called this crude instrument by that name.

It was stated that since the first telephone of Bell there have been placed in use and discarded in the process of evolution to the efficient instrument of to-day, seventy-three styles of transmitter and fifty-three types of receiver.

The new line is the culmination of a constant progression towards longer and longer distances in telephoning. J. J. Carty and the other engineers of the Bell System, to whom the credit for this triumph of science is due, can point out no single phase or invention which has

made trans-continental telephoning possible. Constant improvements in lines, cables, switchboards, receivers and transmitters, and a multitude of other apparatus, have brought about the ultimate result seen to-day.

One would think that merely the extension of the lines a few hundred miles further from the Salt Lake City point reached a short time ago, on to 'Frisco' was all that was necessary. But that is not true. In almost every step that has been made in the development of long-distance telephony from the first two-mile line reaching out of Boston to Cambridge on through all the advances first to Providence; then New York in 1858; then New York to Chicago in 1892; then Omaha; then Denver, and finally the coast—in every added span new difficulties have had to be met—new problems have arisen to be overcome.

The new coast-to-coast line has only been constructed after the expense of a vast sum of money and the taxing to the utmost of the powers of the 550 or so engineers and scientists who solve the telephone problems of the Bell System.

The line itself has required over 130,000 poles and 6,800 miles of very heavy hard drawn copper wire were used for each of the two circuits. To preserve and guard the diminutive telephone current used in talking, which is so small that it is hardly more than a breath—to preserve its slightest vibration so that it may speed across the continent in 1/15th of a second and register as sound 3,400 miles away, has required the installation of many sorts of apparatus, a description of which would only confuse a layman. Even the insulators are of a special kind, being made of porcelain instead of glass.

Here are some figures in connection with the New York-San Francisco line for the lovers of statistics:

Length of line, 3,400 miles. Route: From San Francisco to Salt Lake City, 770 miles; from Salt Lake City to Denver, 580 miles; from Denver to Omaha, 555 miles; from Omaha to Chicago, 500 miles. At Chicago the line branches, one branch going to Pittsburgh, 545 miles and then to New York, 390 miles from Pittsburgh. The other branch goes from Chicago to Buffalo, 603 miles, and then down to New York, 350 miles. There is a continuation of the line from Buffalo to Boston, 465 miles long. From Pittsburgh there is a continuation extending to Baltimore, 250 miles away, on to Washington, 265 miles. Philadelphia is reached by a branch from the line extending from Pittsburgh to New York, connecting at Newtown Square.

This opening of the new line was merely formal, as it will not be thrown open for commercial use until a number of final details have been completed. An amusing incident occurred when one of those present in New York asked the man with whom he was permitted to talk in San Francisco, if he wouldn't take dinner with him. "When?" asked 'Frisco'. "At once," was the reply. "Why, you're early, aren't you? I've just had lunch and it's only a little after one," said the Pacific Coast man. "Your clock is wrong," spoke up Mr. New York. "It's after four o'clock here." Then they both realized the difference in time between the eastern metropolis and the city of the setting sun.

Wisdom.
Hope and success make a finer tonic than medicine.
The best tonic is fresh air.
The best restorative is sleep.
The best stimulant is exercise.
Fatigue calls for rest and not the spur.—Wisconsin State Journal.

One View of Golf.
"Pop, what is golf?"
"Golf, my son, is just the same as work, except that you get paid for work."—Pittsburgh Press.

A Good Start.
"He offers me a platonic affection."
"Well, take it. A platonic affection often leads to the real thing."—Pittsburgh Post.

SEVEN BARKS For all cases of Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Stomach Ache, Liver and Kidney Troubles.
LITMAN BROS., 45 Market St., New York City.



A HARD BLOW

for you if you were to lose the receipts and cash you now carry about. How much better off you would be if you had an account at the Bellefonte Trust Company Bank. Then your cash would be always safe. The cancelled checks would be receipts that could be verified any time. Think it over and you'll start to-day.

Bellefonte Trust Company,
Allegheny Street
Bellefonte, Pa.

BREEDING HORSES PAYS

Normal Demand for Business and Farm Horses Expected Soon.

Carl W. Gay, director of horse breeding with the State Livestock Sanitary Board, issues the following statement:

Horse market events have taken such a definite turn that there can no longer be any question of the outcome of horse breeding in this country, hence we feel fully warranted in bringing the production of market horses to every farmer's attention.

Following are a few facts worthy of note:

1. There is every indication that the normal demand for business and farm horses will be resumed this spring.
2. With the exportation of some 500,000 horses during this year, many of which are of the sort required here, the supply with which to meet home demand is sadly depleted.
3. Foreign demand marked the exhaustion of foreign supply, therefore, we may expect the call for our horses, from abroad, to continue long after the war is over.
4. This country's supply of market horses is furnished, in large part, by foreign sires, the importation of which cannot be resumed until the continental and even the British districts have recovered from the devastating and depopulating effects of the war. In the meantime American breeders will have to depend upon home-bred breeding stock, which, as a result, should be much in demand.
5. The most reliable predictions are for unprecedented high prices in the future.

In confirmation of the above the following quotations are offered:

"The great scarcity all over western Europe when the war is ended, will be of hard, mature horses six or seven years and upwards, suitable for town and city work. This will be a great problem. How are they to be had? In spite of the high prices it will be very difficult to fill the demand. There will be great activity in horse breeding all over the world. The American farmer should keep more mares and work and breed from them wherever possible. This is the time to begin for those not already in the game."

This great war has proved one thing—that the horse is indispensable and always will be.—John Ashton, Breeder's Gazette.

"Never were the guide posts lettered so plainly, seldom has the turn in the lane been so short a distance ahead, never has the prospect for the horse breeders been tinted with quite so rich a rosy hue."—John Mason, National Stockman and Farmer.

In view of these facts the following recommendations are made to Pennsylvania horse breeders:

1. Do not take advantage of the present war demand to sacrifice horses which will have a greater value in the spring trade.
2. Thin geldings and mares of the right type should make good profit on present cost when fit for market later in the year.
3. Anticipate the market rise by buying required horses now.
4. Breed your mares, but to pure-bred stallions of merit and proven worth as sires. We hope there will never be another war to absorb the product of our errors and short sighted policy in the patronage of cheap sires.
5. Study the markets; know what your colts are worth and secure full value for them.
6. Hold well selected breeding stock in highest regard in view of the responsibility imposed upon American breeders by the suspension of importations and the destruction of breeding stock abroad.
7. Sit tight; do not get panic stricken but restore your confidence in the horse business; proceed intelligently; aim high. Renewals of State stallion licenses are due.

Read "The Republican" \$1.50 a year.

The Mystery of the Pelican

A Story of the Sea During Wartime.

By F. A. MITCHEL

On the 3d of October, 1914, the ship Julia Gowan sailed from New York for Genoa, Italy. She was an English bottom, owned by Americans and converted after the great European war broke out to a United States vessel. She carried a cargo of copper. Whether it was intended for Italy or was to be forwarded to a country engaged in war I never knew, but I did know that copper was in great demand for the manufacture of ammunition. And I further knew that, although we were sailing under the stars and stripes, our captain was constantly on the lookout for war vessels, though I am not sure whether at that time copper had been declared contraband of war.

We steered a course south of that usually taken by ships bound for the Mediterranean in order to take as little risk as possible. There are few vessels to be met with on that part of the world's waters, and we did not speak a ship till we were in longitude 32 degrees 40 minutes west, latitude 28 degrees 20 minutes north, and then we spoke a vessel we came upon because she had been abandoned.

She was a small steamer of about 800 tons. Our captain, after satisfying himself that he could get no reply to signals, sent the aboard of her with a dozen men to examine her and report. I found her in good order, but the only living thing aboard was a dog. He was dying of hunger, but I considered that he could not have been left there very long or he would doubtless have died. For I could not find any indications that food had been left for him.

I went below to have a look at the cargo and found the hold full of rifles. The machinery seemed to be in good working order, and there was a trace of fire left in the furnace. The only thing wanting was the lifeboats. I saw no reason why she should not be taken into port as a prize. I signalled the captain, telling him what I had found, and he came aboard to have a look at the ship and cargo himself.

We concluded that the vessel had sighted a man of war and that the crew, expecting capture, had concluded to get away themselves. There were several ways by which they might have escaped—in a fog or by boarding a faster vessel than the pursuer. The absence of the ship's boats tended to confirm this theory.

The captain concluded to try to get the vessel into port as a prize. If she could be taken to Europe her cargo would be very valuable, but of course there was danger of capture by war vessels, for there was no doubt that a cargo of rifles was contraband of war. Anyway, the captain directed me to remain aboard with the men I had with me, including an engineer that he would send me, and ordered me to try to get the ship to either a Spanish or a Portuguese port. If I could get far enough north to reach the western coast of France, better still, but he advised me not to try for France unless I was chased and saw a chance to escape in that direction.

Since there was fuel for power and food for a prize crew there was nothing to be sent me except the engineer. Soon after his arrival the fires were relighted, and steam having been generated, we parted with the Gowan, because I took a more northern course, and the next morning she was out of sight.

I found that our prize—her name was the Pelican—was a faster ship than might have been expected from her size. She could do fifteen knots an hour. There were flags of all nations aboard, which was not surprising, considering that she was carrying a contraband cargo. Indeed, there was every indication that she had been taking big risks.

One unexpected discovery was made—there had been a woman aboard. We found in a stateroom we supposed to have been intended for the captain a lot of feminine paraphernalia. Thinking that in this room I might find something that would throw light on the case, I made a careful search. I found nothing except a crumpled bit of writing paper on which had been written in a woman's hand:

Father—Why am I locked in my room? I am frightfully worried about you. Something must have happened. I will try to get this to you, but I don't know how.

HELEN.

There was just enough in this to be tantalizing. Who was "father"? And who was Helen? She had evidently not been able to send her message and had crumpled it and thrown it into one of the drawers.

I would have proceeded at once to look for further evidence, but at the time I discovered this message I was called on deck by the watch, who had sighted a line of smoke on the starboard quarter. I kept on the same course till the steamer came near enough for me to see with a glass that she was a cruiser, though she displayed no flag; then I put the ship due north, which would place the cruiser astern. She was evidently coming for me, for she increased rapidly in size. I put on all steam, but the cruiser must have been making from three to

six knots more than I, since she drew up on me rapidly. It did not matter much what was her nationality, for if she caught us she would take our cargo. If she were a neutral and we could prove ourselves neutral we would not be liable to seizure, but unfortunately for us we had no papers at all.

It was about 5 o'clock in the evening when we discovered the cruiser, and by the time it fell dark she had approached within five or six miles of us. I ordered every light put out, but she brought a searchlight to bear on us and immediately after fired a gun after us. Then a friendly fog came along and threw a mantle about us that not even a searchlight could penetrate. The cruiser lost us and did not find us again.

The next day one of the crew came to me and reported that the men were in great fear that the ship was haunted. Moans had been heard. I sent for the man who had heard them and ordered him to take me to the part of the ship from whence they seemed to have emanated. He led me on to a lower deck, where there were a few staterooms. I opened several of them, but found nothing. Then suddenly a sound of some one crying came from one of the others. I opened two doors before I located the sound. Then, trying a third, I found it locked.

I knocked, but my doing so only seemed to increase the sobbing within.

"We are friends," I said, "and wish to serve you."

"Then why have you locked me in here and left me without food or drink?"

The voice was that of a woman. I told her that if she would open the door I would explain certain matters to her of which she might be ignorant. She replied that she could not open the door, for she had not the key, whereupon I decided that if she could not open it I would.

"Look out!" I cried. "I'm going to break down the door!" Then, drawing back, I put my heel against it, and it flew open.

Inside was a girl about nineteen years old. She was dressed, but had got into a berth to avoid the opening door. Crouching back, she was evidently uncertain whether we were friends or coming to do her harm. She was very pale and weak, and I saw at once that she was starving. Before questioning her I sent for food, of which I gave her sparingly. Then I carried her up to the stateroom where I had found women's clothing.

She told me that this had been her room and she had been taken from it by several members of the crew to the one in which I had found her.

As soon as the girl was able to talk, fully expecting that the mystery of the Pelican was about to be solved, I asked for her story. I was doomed to disappointment. She knew very little more than I did. Her father was or had been master of the Pelican. He had sailed from a small port in the States. He had told his daughter before sailing that she might go on a trip with him, but nothing more. One morning when she had tried to leave her stateroom she found the door locked. The same evening she had been taken to the room in which I found her and was confined there. A supper had been given her and the next morning a breakfast. That was all she knew. She was much surprised to learn that the ship had been deserted and greatly feared for her father's safety, for she was sure that, if free to act, he would not have left her to perish.

I cross questioned Miss Bradford—Helen Bradford was her name—hoping to get some clue that would enable me at least to form a theory which would solve the mystery. I got nothing. She did not even know that the cargo consisted of rifles. She was aware that a great war was being fought, and her father had told her that the ship was liable to be overhauled by a cruiser and searched, but whatever happened she would be in no danger. The only incident she mentioned bearing on the case was that the porthole in her stateroom had been darkened at night.

Our voyage proved an exciting one, chased as we were on several occasions by cruisers. We always showed a neutral flag and at the same time a clean pair of heels. The worst of it was that we were driven off our course several times, and thus kept wandering about in the Atlantic ocean. On one occasion, being chased by a gunboat, we would have been taken were it not for the fact that we could do about a knot more than she.

I spent whatever time I could spare in trying to comfort Helen Bradford, and since pity is akin to love, I may have been in love without knowing it. I certainly had enough on my mind to keep me from anything sentimental. I found out afterward the nature of my feelings for the girl I had been instrumental in rescuing.

During a spell of bad weather we lost our reckoning, and one still morning, enveloped in a fog, we went ashore on the coast of Morocco. We had various visitors, among them an Italian trader, to whom I confided the secret of my cargo. He proved wealthy enough to buy it and paid me in gold. I went ashore with Miss Bradford and the crew, and the next night a storm made kindling wood of the Pelican. I married Miss Bradford, and we returned to America. I constituted myself a court of admiralty and divided the price for the Pelican's cargo as I considered just, my wife getting the principal part. We have not as yet heard from her father, and the mystery of the Pelican is still unsolved. My theory is that the crew mutinied; that, being chased by a cruiser, they left the ship in the ship's boats, taking the captain a prisoner with them. His daughter may have been left in the hurry of departure.

...A... POINTER

By JOHN T. LARNED

In the good old days when there was no cast iron railway rule to prevent a passenger from riding on a locomotive, about to start on a run between two stations, I went forward and obtained leave of the man at the throttle to do the distance about twelve miles with him. He was near fifty years old, but hale and hearty.

Just before starting a woman about thirty years old came to the engine and stood talking to the engineer earnestly for a few minutes, then turned away. As she did so I could see by the look she gave him that she had a great affection for him, but whether it was that of wife or sister I could not tell. Yielding to curiosity, I asked the question.

"She's not my wife," he said. "She's had two husbands and I shouldn't think she'd want another. Her first husband was a bad one, and the second didn't live long."

"There seems to be a story in her case," I remarked. "I'd like to hear it." He made no reply until we were well out in the open country. Then he said: "Somehow I feel like telling you the story this morning. I've kept it long, but now it seems to want to come out."

The young woman you refer to was little more than a kid when I was coming on to middle age. She was in love with a youngster named Perkins, a little older than she was, but her father wouldn't let her marry him. Perkins went off somewhere, and Sallie—that's her name—married a man named Thorpe, who had just come into some money. Sallie's father thought he knew what was best for his daughter and made the match, Sallie not being willing, for she loved Perkins. Thorpe run through the money he'd inherited—it was said he gambled it away—and it wasn't long afterward that he left out, leaving his wife to get on the best way she could.

"She heard nothing from him for two or three years; then one day she saw a notice of the death of a man of the same name in a hospital in a distant city. It was too far away for her to go and investigate the matter, and she didn't have the money anyway, so she wrote for a description of the man and the one given her tallied with her husband exactly.

"Another year passed and Perkins came back one fine day, and learning that Sallie was a widow went to see her. Perkins was a nice chap and had made some money. Sallie would have married him right away, but she felt kind of uneasy about Thorpe, not being certain that he was dead. She waited a year, Perkins begging her to marry him all the while; then she gave in.

"There was another man who had wanted Sallie from the time she was seventeen years old, but he was then double her age and had no show against the youngsters."

"That man," I interrupted, "is your self."

He turned toward me with a surprised look and asked how I knew that. I made no reply, and he continued:

"Sallie was very happy with her second husband for about two years; then something happened. I had always lived near her, and she knew that whenever she needed any one to lean on she could come to me. One night about 11 o'clock there was a rap at my door. I put on some clothes, went down and opened it. There stood Sallie, white as a sheet and trembling all over. I begged her to tell me what was the matter, but instead of doing so she clutched my wrist and led me to the back yard of her home. There was a man lying there, but I couldn't see who he was. I struck a match and saw—Thorpe. He was dead."

"It was clear that Sallie had been living with Perkins while she was married to Thorpe. I had to make up my mind mighty quick what to do."

"Bring me a tablecloth or a shawl or something," I said to Sallie.

"She went into the house and came back with a big shawl. I wrapped it around the body, then took it up in my arms."

"Don't say a word to any one," I said, "till I see you again."

"I carried the body to my own yard and put it in an out-house while I dug a grave; then I buried it six feet underground and put back the sod over it."

"And risked being hanged for murder," I interrupted.

"The next morning I watched for Perkins to leave his house, then went to Sallie and told her what I had done. I made her believe that all would be well if she could keep the secret. I mentioned the risk I'd taken. We've neither of us mentioned the matter to the other or to any one else, and no harm has ever come of it. It's not been hard on me, but it was terrible on Sallie while Perkins lived."

"When will you marry Sallie?" I asked.

"I'm married," I said. "What makes you think that?"

"Because Sallie will be the happier when she's married you."

"Do you really think she'd marry me?"

"I've no doubt of it."

"What makes you think so?"

"The look she gave you on parting."

"We were pulling up on the station. When I alighted the engineer grasped my hand and said:

"I am much obliged for the pointer you've given me."

THE TRAGEDY OF SAMSON THE STRONG

Judges 13:2-36, 24, 25—Jan. 31.

Samson Born a Nazirite—His Birth Foretold—His Mission Foretold—The Value of a Mission—How He Judged Israel—Samson's Weakness—His Loyalty to God—Victory in Death.

"Beware, I pray thee, and drink not wine nor strong drink."—Judges 13:4.

ALL Israelites who took a certain vow were styled Nazirites. No one should confound these people with the residents of Nazareth. Jesus was a resident of Nazareth, but not a Nazirite. The Nazirite vow was that spirituous liquor in every form should be avoided, and that the hair should not be cut. Samson from birth was under this vow, which, by the direction of the angel of the Lord, was adopted for him by his parents. In some sense the vow seems to have signified complete consecration to God and His service.

Twice before Samson's birth, the angel of the Lord communicated with his parents to the intent that the mother's mind, especially, should be impressed with the importance of abstinence; and that her child should be born under a favorable endowment. Undoubtedly his parents realized to what extent parents may give mental and physical strength to their children, and would be on the alert to endow their offspring favorably.

According to Divine promise, Samson was to be one of Israel's Judges—Deliverers. The need of deliverance is evident from the context. The Philistines resided to the southwest of Palestine. They were a warlike people, and very intelligent as respects manufactures. Their cunning is shown in that they not only disarmed the Israelites, but prohibited their making any iron implements or doing any kind of blacksmithing work. In this manner they held the Israelites in a species of peonage, exacting tribute of them.

Samson's work for his people must not be measured by merely the amount of damage which he did to the Philistines as a warrior and as a strategist—setting fire to their wheat-fields by ingeniously using foxes for the purpose etc. Doubtless his chief work was one of reviving the spirit of his people, who had become thoroughly hopeless under the oppression of their enemies. The lesson of what one could do when he devoted his life to delivering his people from their enemies must have been a great stimulus to patriotism and an encouragement to return to the Lord.

Points to Be Remembered.

We must not forget that the Jews were not Christians, and that the rules laid down by Jesus and the Apostles for Christians were not applicable to the Jews. According to the Scriptures Moses and the nation of Israel were a House of Servants (Hebrews 3:5, 6). They were promised Divine blessings in proportion as they served faithfully the Divine Law, which did not call upon them to be saints in the Christian sense of that word.

Another difference between the Jew and the Christian is that the former was promised temporal blessings as a reward for faithfulness, while the latter is promised spiritual blessings with temporal adversities and trials of faith, patience, love and loyalty. Unless this distinction between the two Ages and the two Laws be borne in mind, we shall continually be in difficulty.

According to the Law, Samson was rated as a very faithful servant of God. His faithfulness consisted in his loyalty to the Divine requirements and to Israel, God's covenant people. His faith was continually manifested in all he did; and his life was used in serving his people. He is rated as an Ancient Worthily.—Heb. 11:32, 30, 40.

Samson was neither a Christian nor an example to Christians. In many respects he lived after the flesh, notwithstanding his noble self-sacrifice in the Lord's service.

We should remember, however, that he was never begotten of the Holy Spirit. Only since Pentecost have any been begotten of the Spirit as "New Creatures in Christ." True, we read that the Spirit of the Lord was upon Samson; but we are to bear in mind the wide distinction between spirit-begotten and the Spirit's mechanical operation upon the Prophets and other Ancients Worthies to move them to accomplish the "Divine purposes." But Christians are to receive the Spirit of Adoption.

A woman was Samson's undoing. He confided in her, and she betrayed him. While he slept, his deceitful friend cut off his hair, and then delivered him to his enemies. They gloated over him, put his eyes out, and kept him as a slave, grinding at the mills. But at a great feast, they brought him forth as a trophy. He stood between two immense pillars, which supported the roof of the great building; and with a prayer to God, he grasped these pillars, and pulled down the entire structure, doing more damage to the Philistines in the killing of their great men, and more therefore for the deliverance of his people, in that one act than in all the other experiences of his life.



The Angel Appearing in the Flame.

WHEN WAR COMES

How the Nations Sever Their Diplomatic Relations.

PASSPORTS TO AMBASSADORS

The Formal Etiquette That Governs This Ceremony and the Issuance of Safe Conduct Papers—Hurry and Confusion of Enforced Departure.

"The ambassador has been presented with his passports and has left the country."

Behind this curt formula, which indicates the departure of an ambassador from the country to which he is accredited in the rupture of diplomatic relations, lies a picturesque, significant proceeding with which few of the public can be conversant.

When a foreign country declares war it is usual for its representative formally to present this declaration, the terms of which are received by wire from the foreign minister, under whose orders he acts, and then to ask for his passport, or safe conduct papers, which are furnished him by the foreign office of the nation whose honored guest he has been. On the other hand, if the initiative is taken by the country to which he is accredited his passport is sent to him by special messenger.

An ambassador is the personal representative of his sovereign, and the responsibility rests with the country among whose people he has been staying to insure him a safe passage out of its boundaries.

If the ambassador has held his position long and is on terms of great cordiality with the foreign minister he generally calls to express his sorrow at the unfortunate turn of events and to take a friendly farewell; and occasions have been known when such leave taking has been of the most painful character and associated with tears.

A diplomat is not generally considered an emotional character, but human nature sometimes will break through even the bounds of iron restraint, and on a delicate occasion, like an ambassador's recall, the final parting scene with a minister whom he has probably grown both to love and admire is of a most affecting description.

When an envoy completes his term of appointment in times of peace, it is customary for him to have a farewell audience of the monarch, when there is a delightful exchange of compliments, but this ceremony is dispensed with when his recall either means war or is a pretense to war. He forfeits then all the official courtesies due to an ambassador, and the handing him of his passports and the insuring of his safe passage out of the country finish his connection officially with the nation.

The time in which an ambassador is allowed to make his preparations for departure depends to some extent on his own convenience and the temper of the nation with which his own nation is at war. Twenty-four to forty-eight hours may be taken as the period which elapses between his recall and his departure, and his safety meanwhile is secured by precautions taken by the civil authorities. During this time papers of importance, which have not already been delivered into the hands of his government, are destroyed to prevent them miscarriage during the journey home, or because it is deemed more prudent that they should be consigned to the flames rather than be taken away.

Although all the messages from his country to an ambassador are in code, it is hardly necessary to say that if sufficient time be allowed to study a document in code it can easily be translated; hence the advisability of these extreme precautions.

The departing envoy arranges with the representative of a neutral power to take over such duties as are transferable and then, with the officials of the embassy and the members of his family, entrains in a special train placed at his disposal by the government whose country he is quitting. At the port of embarkation a special vessel to convey him and his staff is also provided.

It is not absolutely necessary for him to take his wife and family with him, but this is usually done, for it is found they prefer to make the journey homeward at the same time, not only for company's sake, but because the temper of the people might make any delay imprudent.

Before he leaves he usually sends autograph letters of farewell to intimate friends and letters acknowledging the courtesies shown him by foreign office officials. The removal from the embassy of the arms of his country, the flag and the official name plate are external signs of an ambassador's enforced departure.

It can be imagined what a miserable business it is for an envoy of a foreign country abruptly to bring his mission to an end, to the sound, as it were, of guns, and for him to contrast the hearty welcome of his arrival with the unpleasant and menacing looks on his departure.

However well he may be prepared in advance for quitting the country by sending his personal luggage and papers in advance, it is in a state of confusion at the end that he leaves, so hurriedly has he to complete his arrangements, and, brave man though he may be, he must always have some anxieties as to the safety of those near and dear to him until he is well out of the country.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

He's true to God who's true to man.—J. R. Lowell.

Romance Versus Matter of Fact

By OSCAR COX

There is a little Indian girl up on Hudson bay who has never been out of her native woods. She speaks poetically, as all aborigines do. Her vocabulary is small, but she makes up for the deficiency of words in imagery. One summer Miss Susan Jones, a matter of fact young woman as ever trod the soil, took it into her head to spend her vacation in upper Canada. These two met in the Indian girl's home on the banks of the Little Whale river. Miss Jones said she had heard much of Indian legends and asked—

"I didn't get the girl's name; Miss Jones said it was Minnie-Something-or-Other—to tell her one. Thereupon the Indian told the following story:

"Abasca was the daughter of a great chief, who lived long, long ago when the first white man came to this country. She had never seen any man except a—"

"Indian," suggested Miss Jones. "She had only seen the dusky men of the forest like herself. The first man to come was tall as the young pine, straight as the arrow and his eye was that of the eagle. Abasca saw him, and her heart flew to him like the bird."

"A case of love at first sight, you mean?"

"Abasca was loved by Stormwind, the son of a chief. Stormwind was brave as the water that leaps from the rock, and his arrow could pierce the leaf that trembles at the top of the tree."

"A regular William Tell," Miss Jones interrupted.

"He had not the heart to give way to another. He was not born to know that to love Abasca truly he should give her to the man she loved. The white man might do that, not the Indian. Stormwind learned that she had given her heart to the white man, and he resolved that the white man should die."

"Stormwind made this vow at the season when in this country the lamp never goes out at night."

"Did they use kerosene or oil?"

"For the winter had passed when the sun at midday is small and cold in the south. The white man was in the wood where he hunted the fox and the mink and the otter. Stormwind followed the trail and came to his enemy when the sun stood high above their heads."

"Trapper," said Stormwind."

"What a funny name! I like Stormwind much better."

"The white man may come; the white man may hunt the fox and the mink and the otter; he may ride in his boat over the waves of the great bay, but he shall not take the maiden from the Indian."

"When he said this Stormwind fitted an arrow to his bow. It may be he had never seen the white man's rifle; it may be he had never seen the white man raise the rifle quickly to his shoulder and the deer far away drop dead. Before he had fitted his arrow to his bow and pointed it at his enemy the white man's eye ran along the barrel of his weapon."

"Trapper had the drop on him, hadn't he? How thrilling! Go on!"

"Stormwind," he said, "put back your arrow into your quiver before I send the lead into your heart. Abasca is yours. I do not wed here in the forest. The white man loves the white woman, not the Indian squaw."

"From the woods came a piercing shriek. The white man lowered his rifle and the red man his bow. It was a woman's voice they heard. From a cliff near by it came again, fainter, but more despairing than before. It was the echo."

"For heaven's sake, what was it? A spook?"

"It was the wail of Abasca. She had seen Stormwind go away with the look of an angry Manitou on his brow, and she knew that he was going to fight the man she loved. Seizing a rifle from the tepee, she followed her dusky lover and saw him when he spoke to—"

"Trapper."

"She held her rifle to her shoulder ready when Stormwind was about to send his arrow to his rival's heart or when the white man raised his rifle to kill the man she did not love."

"She must have been awfully rattled."

"When she heard the white man say he did not love her she dropped her rifle, giving a cry that caused the white cloud sailing in the heavens above to tremble."

"I wonder she hadn't shot the brute."

"Then the white man and the Indian went in the direction from whence the sound came and saw on a high rock the form of Abasca. She was on the edge of a deep gulf beneath her, away here and there as the branch is moved by the wind. Then slowly her head bowed over the chasm, and as the bird folds its wings and drops her beautiful form descended to death."

"You wouldn't catch me doing that for the handsomest man that ever lived. What did the men do then?"

"The white man went back to the white man's country; the Indian went out on the bay, and the storm wind, for which he was named, arose and claimed him."

"I'll bet that man Trapper was paying alimony to some woman in the states. He was just mean enough to fool that poor Indian girl."

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., Jan. 26, 1915

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Political Announcements.

The following schedule of charges for political announcements in the approaching primary campaign will prevail:

Announcements of candidates for Judge, Sheriff, Treasurer, Recorder, Register, Prothonotary, District Attorney, County Commissioners, County Auditors, Jury Commissioners, Coroner and County Surveyor, \$5 each.

All political announcements are payable strictly in advance.

FOR SHERIFF

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of George H. Yarnell, of Walker Township, for the Republican nomination for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the forthcoming primaries.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER

The undersigned desires to formally announce his candidacy for the Republican nomination for County Treasurer, subject to the will of the Republican voters as expressed at the coming primaries.

DAVID CHAMBERS,
Clarence, Pa.

Occasionally, cleverly framed political speeches bob up as duly filed legal documents.

Centre County's share of the patronage doled out by the new Legislature was a hammer.

To all appearances, J. Kennedy Johnston is now formally entered as a candidate for the judgeship.

Has anybody thus far heard of an old line Democrat landing an appointment as postmaster in Centre County?

"Little Steel" is now paying no dividends, due possibly to the wonderful era of prosperity brought about by the Democratic administration.

The tip is out that the old guard Democrats are to be denied representation on the Democratic county ticket. The bosses have handed out their orders.

David Chambers, of Clarence, and George H. Yarnell, of Walker township, have formally announced for Republican nomination for County Treasurer and Sheriff, respectively. Indications are for a large field of entries and a lively campaign. Let the band play.

Governor Brumbaugh apparently appreciates that any Governor is stronger in the beginning than toward the wind-up of his administration. Which would indicate that he knows what he is about in urging legislation to which he is pledged now and not putting it off until the Legislature two years hence.

Fred Thompson Gets Job.

Frederick Thompson, one of the best known and most popular among the young colored men in Bellefonte, was last week appointed to the position of assistant custodian of the House wash room at the Capital at Harrisburg.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, Lucas County

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

One Way to Save Money.

is to save paying big doctors' bill by keeping on hand a bottle of the old and reliable SEVEN BARKS so that when your stomach gets out of order, you are troubled with indigestion or dyspepsia, your liver or kidneys don't act, or if you get a touch of rheumatism, you can get quick relief and not have to call a doctor. SEVEN BARKS will purify your blood and tone up your system, and has an unparalleled record of 43 years. Price 50 cents. Your druggist keeps it or can get it for you, or write to the manufacturer, LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York City.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the Robert Morris store.
Eggs, per dozen, 32
Butter, per pound, 30

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Green & Co.
Wheat, white or mixed, 1.25
Wheat, red, 1.20
Corn, shelled (per bu.), 70
Corn, ears, (per bu.), 70
Oats, (per bu.), 50
Rye, (per bu.), 70
Barley, (per bu.), 50
Buckwheat, (per bu.), 50

FLOATING HOMES.

Barge Dwellers of New York One of the Sights of the Harbor.

The lot of the harbor bargeman is not one for commiseration. He is far more independent and content than his neighbors in the fetid hives of the tenement districts which he sees from his barge as he floats past the river foot of New York's east side streets.

At evening his floating home is moored in a quiet dock. He may sit on his bit of deck and enjoy his after supper pipe in quiet as he gazes upon the dawning ripples of the water and listens to the dying roar of the city's busy day. His wife sits beside him, putting the last stitches in a gingham garment for their child, who already is in his bunk.

Their cabin is bright and clean without and within. White paint and green trimmings, a bit of striped awning and a little flagstaff are its outward embellishments. Muslin curtains at its tiny windows, geraniums on the sills, a cheery nickel clock on its own shelf above the stove, a neat red tablecloth, a homemade braided rug upon a bright oilcloth—these give character to the living room, or galley. Within is the bedroom, perhaps 6 by 8 feet, with a white iron bed and a bunk above its foot, in which the son and heir sleeps peacefully.

There may be a cottage in New Jersey or down Long Island sound waiting this worthy couple when winter's ice closes the Hudson and ends their season's work, but they make the barge their home while on it.

Some of these barge homes shelter families of five or six persons. On some of the large covered railroad barges the skipper's house is on the roof. Its dimensions may be 10 by 30 feet, affording three rooms. In the "parlor" one would not be surprised to find a sofa, a music machine and racks of records and family portraits in crayon, all according to usage ashore, while the captain, being of a sporting turn, takes his family to sail on a Sunday in a gorgeously painted punt of his own building with leeboards to make it weatherly and a lee setting as neatly as the canvas of a cup defender.—Harper's Magazine.

IT WAS A "JIM" POEM.

But That Was Not the Only Reason Why Riley Liked It.

James Whitcomb Riley and Joel Chandler Harris figure in a story told by a writer in the New York Sun. They had sought rest and recuperation in a hotel among the southern mountains and wished to avoid the attempts of the other guests to lionize them. Much against their will, however, they were constrained to appear at a "reading" from their own works, after having been routed from a secluded spot in the woods to which they had retired.

A young elocutionist had the center of the stage when they got to the hotel. She led off by announcing a poem by Mr. Riley. She recited it. It was about somebody named Jim. Riley looked impressed.

"Would you mind," he said when she had finished, "reciting that again?" She did not mind, and went at it. Riley wiped a tear away as she finished. Then he said, "Please recite it again, if you will."

She did it the third time, and Riley was even more affected. "Do you know," he said, after she had ended, "I like that poem. It's a Jim poem. I always liked Jim poems. My own name is Jim. I always read Jim poems. I have written several Jim poems myself. But do you know why I like this Jim poem better than any other?"

The young woman eagerly asked why. The assembled guests leaned forward breathlessly to hear the answer.

"I like it," said Riley, "because it always reminds me of my dear old friend, Eugene Field. Eugene Field is the man who wrote that poem, you know!"

Wrong Dinner Hour.

Our dinner hour is wrong, according to Professor Bergotte of Bordeaux university. The human body, says he, is an engine driven by a steam boiler. Food is its fuel. The most fuel should be used just before the heaviest work is done. The heaviest meal should come, he says, before the day's work—in other words, at breakfast. The mid-day meal should be lighter and the evening one hardly a meal at all.—New York Post.

First War Balloon.

At the battle of Fleuris, June 26, 1794, in the French revolutionary period, the balloon was for the first time used in the service of the army. The Austrians, stupefied, saw the captive airship Entreprenant above their heads at a height of 300 meters. This apparition greatly angered the Austrian General Cobourg, who cried out, "Is there anything these scoundrels will not invent?"

Slight Error.

Customer (to druggist)—The label on this bottle isn't right. Druggist—Why not? It says: "One teaspoonful as required. Shake before taking." Customer—It should read, "Take before shaking." This medicine is for chills, isn't it?—Boston Transcript.

Her Advantage.

"A cook has one advantage over everybody else in the house."
"What is it?"
"They may all want bread before she'll knead it."—Baltimore American.

Among all other vices there is none I hate more than cruelty, the extreme of all vices.—Montaigne.

Agatha's Wedding Gift

By EUNICE BLAKE

The passes in the Swiss mountains have doubtless been used by man ever since he began to travel, but in former times they were crossed very differently from the present. During the middle ages small parties or even individuals would cross the mountains on foot, usually conducted by a guide.

During that period when William Tell is supposed to have shot the apple from his son's head, in the village of Altdorf, where he flourished, lived a young Swiss named Friedrich Sohm. His occupation was to guide persons over the St. Gothard pass down into northern Italy, then bring others back to Lucerne. Friedrich loved and was loved by a young girl named Agatha, and they were only waiting till he had made one more trip over the pass to be married. Then he was intending to build a boat on the Lake of the Four Cantons in which to carry passengers back and forth between Fleweln and Lucerne.

One day came Leonardo Morelli, a Florentine who had been to Paris with some jewels which he had sold and was taking back the gold he had received for them. He engaged Friedrich to conduct him across the pass to the point on the Italian side where now is the mouth of the tunnel, whence he could proceed by road to Lugano.

All day guide and man toiled up the mountain and in the evening rested at an inn on the Italian side. The merchant carried his gold in a leather bag sewed to a belt at his waist. When he entered the inn and the landlord conducted him to his room Sohm tossed his bag on a table, causing the gold pieces inside to give out the sound of coins. This excited the cupid of the landlord, and during the night, when the merchant was asleep, he stole into the room and took his gold. Then, in order to avert suspicion, he opened the door to the guide's room and dropped one of the coins on the floor.

In the morning the merchant made a great ado about his loss, and the landlord suggested that he search the guide's room. Of course a piece of gold was found on the floor. Friedrich protested his innocence, but was unable to make the merchant believe that he was not the thief. The guide consented to continue the journey to Lugano, where he would give himself up, preferring this course to being a fugitive and an outlaw.

It was the month of May, when the snow in the Alps is melting, and in certain parts of the journey the guide and the merchant traveled joined by a rope. In passing over a narrow path where on one side was a precipice the snow gave way and the merchant would have gone down with it had not the guide braced himself so firmly as to save him.

Sohm was so grateful that he offered to forgive Friedrich the theft of his gold provided he would return one-half of it. Friedrich still insisted that he knew nothing about the money, that the landlord must have stolen it and proposed that they return to the inn and investigate the matter. To this the merchant consented, and they retraced their steps. When they reached the inn they accused the landlord of the theft and declared that if he did not restore the property a constable would be brought to take him where he would be tried.

The landlord was much agitated at this, for in those days criminals were usually put to the torture to make them confess. However, he stuck to his denial, claiming that the coin found in the guide's room was proof positive that he was the thief.

The inn stood on a southern exposure which in summer was free from snow, but though it was now getting thin the ground, or rather, the rock on which it stood, was still covered. The day had been very warm, and since the departure of the two men in the morning the sun, shining through the thin atmosphere, had left several bare spots. Friedrich just before sunset went out on the ledge, where the Italian sunset was spread out before him, to think of some plan for finding the gold which he believed the landlord had hidden. While sitting there water was trickling from the melting snow. Before arising to return to the inn a space had been uncovered and, looking down beside him, he saw what at first he believed to be a yellow stone, but on closer inspection proved to be a gold coin.

Friedrich's first impulse was to accuse the landlord anew, fortified by this proof, but he was not used to acting on impulse. Instead, he went to the merchant, told him what he had found and suggested that the thief had buried the gold in different places under the snow and if they waited till the sun uncovered the ground they might recover it all.

The merchant consented, and they remained where they were, one or the other being outside all day to watch both the ground and the landlord to see that he did not remove the gold. As the sun melted the snow here and there a dozen or so pieces of gold appeared, which were taken in, and at last every piece was recovered. Then without a word to the landlord they went down the mountain into Italy.

The merchant, being indebted to Friedrich for his life as well as for the recovery of his gold, insisted on dividing the money with him. Friedrich refused, but at last consented that Morelli should send it by him to Agatha for a wedding present.

HEAT OF OUR SUN

To Measure It Is a Perplexing Problem For Science.

NEWTON ONCE TRIED TO DO IT

He Figured It at the Amazing Intensity of 1,669,300 Degrees Centigrade, While the Latest Estimates Place It at About 6,500 Degrees.

How hot is the sun? The question has been answered in many different ways, and it is by no means certain that we have yet arrived at an even approximately accurate answer. Yet it would seem that, as the sun is the only source of the earth's heat, and as we know the exact distance of the sun, it ought to be easy to calculate his heat. That is what Newton thought in 1680 when, finding that a thermometer registered 65 degrees C. in the sun and 29.44 degrees C. in the shade, and applying the law of the square of distance he announced that the sun's heat was 1,669,300 degrees C.

In 1837 Sir John Herschel and Pouillet devised special instruments for measuring the solar heat, but at the very beginning disagreed on a fundamental question. Pouillet wanted to estimate that the earth's atmosphere cut off half the sun's heat; Herschel insisted that it cut off only one-third. Herschel reached the conclusion that the sun's heat was two calories per square centimeter per minute. Pouillet calculated it at 1.7633 calories per square centimeter per minute. This means that the sun's rays falling vertically upon each square centimeter of the earth's surface would be sufficient powerful, if it were not for their absorption by our atmosphere, to raise 1.7633 grams of water one degree C. per minute. This number is what astronomers call the solar constant.

Pouillet's figures, 1.7, were generally accepted until recently. Forbes by experiments at the top and at the base of a high mountain calculated that 2.85 was the correct number. Vielle made it 2.54, and Crova asserted that it was certainly superior to two calories per square centimeter per minute.

The American Langley invented the bolometer, by means of which he measured the intensity of each ray by the length of its wave before entering our atmosphere. Thus he proved that the rays of shortest length are those that are most absorbed. It is as if we placed two red glasses between ourselves and the sun, one representing the sun's atmosphere and one representing our own.

The Abbe Moreux, director of the Bourges observatory, declares in an article in Cosmos that if these two atmospheres were eliminated and we could see the sun as he really is he would appear to be a brilliant greenish blue.

Langley's calculations placed the solar constant at about three. He proved that scarcely 60 per cent of the sun's rays penetrated to sea level.

Other observers obtained other figures, and at the beginning of this century the tendency was to return to those announced by Herschel and Pouillet.

It is certain that the earth intercepts only about one two-billionth part of the actual heat of the sun, but if we adopt Langley's figure, 3, we find that the fraction of heat received would be sufficient to melt annually a layer of ice 22.75 feet thick at the equator of the earth. The average power received from the sun over the entire earth is equal to 154,464,000 kilowatts a year, or one continuous horsepower for every 1.72 square meters.

The greater part of this heat is used up in keeping the earth warm; but, according to Helmholtz, about a thousandth part of it is absorbed by animals and vegetables and becomes an abundant reserve of energy for the human race.

If we accept the more recent figures, which are the result of the calculations of Messrs. Abbott, Fowle and Aldrich at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington and call the solar constant two calories per square centimeter per minute, the results are scarcely less striking.

If the total heat could be applied to a block of ice at 0 degrees C. as thick as the earth—8,000 miles—this would be entirely melted in a quarter of an hour. All the water thus obtained would be turned to steam at 100 degrees C. 117 minutes later, the whole operation from ice to steam having taken only two hours and twelve minutes.

The most recent estimate of the temperature of the sun's surface is between 6,000 and 7,000 degrees C.—New York World.

Limited Dissipation.

A small henpecked little man was about to take an examination for life insurance.

"You don't dissipate, do you?" asked the physician as he made ready for tests. "Not a fast liver or anything of that sort?"

The little man hesitated a moment, looked a bit frightened, then replied in a small, piping voice, "I sometimes shew a little gum."—Collier's Weekly.

Over the Limit.

Husband (reading from his paper)—Here, they say, is a comet coming toward the earth, traveling at the rate of a million miles a minute. Wife (awaking from a doze)—Why don't they enforce the speed laws better?—Exchange.

Every man's house is his safest refuge.—Lav Moxian.

Mr. Samples' Sister

By M. QUAD

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I was serving my first and only term of sheriff in an Indiana county when a smart looking aged man who gave the name of Samples arrived at the county seat and gave out that he was looking around for a site for a large factory. He was provided with letters of recommendation and the air of a man of business and soon had the two bankers in the town and other business men interested in his project. His factory was to make a new kind of cloth out of what he called Persian hemp. He had samples of the cloth to show, and it could be made and sold at 400 per cent profit. Samples himself would put \$500,000 into the enterprise, but he wanted the town to subscribe \$200,000 additional so as to make it a home affair.

On the second night of Samples' arrival in our town a fine horse was stolen from a citizen. During the first week's stay more horses were run off. In three weeks' time twelve of the best horses in our township were taken. As sheriff I was not idle for an hour after the first horse was taken. Even if I was a little green myself as an officer I had two or three constables and deputies who were old hands at the business. Some of the horses we traced a few miles, always headed for the Ohio river, but the thieves were slick fellows and covered their tracks so well that not a horse was recovered.

One day while I was shivering in my boots and expecting to bear that the thirteenth horse had been stolen a flash of light came to me. Every horse taken had gone south by a certain road. At a certain point all trace had been lost. Ten miles to the south of us was a big huckleberry swamp of 2,000 acres. It was a wilderness and had only been explored by hunters. It was a big tangle, full of snakes and wildcats, and even berry pickers took good care not to penetrate too far. It flashed over me that the stolen horses instead of being run out of the state had been corralled in this swamp to wait until the hue and cry were over. Within two hours I had started for the swamp, accompanied by a constable. By pure good luck after a tramp of half a day we came upon a trail showing the hoof prints of horses, and, following it to the very center of the swamp, we came upon the whole twelve stolen animals. Feed had been brought in to them by another trail.

It was a fine "plant" we uncovered. There were two men to take care of the horses. One of them was a blacksmith, and he had a forge and dozens of horseshoes. As the animals were run out the plan was to shoe each one with the shoes reversed and thus deceive us in case we struck a trail. We made a cautious approach, but in spite of us the two men got away. We scarcely regretted it, however, in view of the capture of the third one, who had just arrived. It was Mr. Samples, the flax cloth man, the factory man, the man with letters of introduction. Yes, sir, he had arrived to give his subordinate directions, and as he fled with the others he tripped and fell, and we were enabled to overtake him. He didn't even bluff. We had got him so that he could not say anything. In his pockets were letters sufficient to convict him twice over, and his game was up.

You know what human nature is in a small town. I had been outlined and planned without stint for telling to capture the horse thieves. Now that I had got all the stolen horses in a bunch and the horse that in addition nothing was too good for me. I was called a hero and all that and got a serenade from the band and had hon fies galore in my honor. The arrest of Samples was a thunderclap, but the public soon got over its astonishment and demanded that he receive the maximum punishment of the law. He was examined, committed for trial, and I took care to give him the strongest

HE SIMPLY FORGOT.

The Hurried Married Man Didn't Think, but His Wife Did.

He really meant to kiss his wife this morning as he left the house to go to work.

But he forgot. He was thinking of the cares of the shop, of the thousand and one matters which concern him in the big world with which he wrestles for a living for her and the kids.

Anyhow, he said to himself afterward, what's a kiss? It oughtn't to take such a mere formality to convince of his love and trust the woman he has made the mistress of his home, the mother of his children. Pahaw! The chances are she never noticed the omission. So why should he worry?

But back home a woman wept—not because she doubted her husband's constancy, not because she felt that he wouldn't prove big and true and fine in an emergency, but because, womanlike, shut within home's four walls, doomed to another day of petty routine, much of it to be endured all alone, she wanted that kiss as a token and a memory—wanted it as proof that not in her case could the poet write:

He's lost, you see, 'cause he married me; Goodby, my lover, goodby.

Now if you, Mr. Man, made such a break as that this morning, do you know what you ought to do?

Go home tonight with a present in each hand and plant two kisses where one grew before.—New Orleans States.

Belgian Hedges.

In Belgium there are no stone or hawthorn hedges like those in England. Instead of being inclosed by a hedge the fields are raised up by fairly high earth banks and the roads are cut out of them, as it were, so that when you are walking in the country you are down in a sort of valley with low green banks on either side of you.

The things that are chiefly cultivated in Belgium are the beet root—for making the cheaper kind of sugar, you know, and you can see field upon field of their red-green leaves stretching on either side of you as you walk along. Flax is also much grown over there, and in summer time the fields are a pretty sight when the pale blue flax blossoms are out in full bloom. Belgian asparagus is also renowned all over Europe. It has white instead of purple-green tips.—London Mail.

cell in the county jail. The man gave me no trouble. After recovering his cheek a little he claimed that he would be able to prove his entire innocence before a jury, and he was so cheery and good natured that I came to like him. He had three months to wait for the circuit court, and he made no move in regard to lawyers or witnesses until half the time had expired. By that time the public had lost most of its interest in the case.

One day Samples announced to me that his sister would soon arrive to see about getting him a lawyer and so forth, and a day or two later she called at the jail. She was a rather quiet looking woman of about twenty-five, spoke in a choked voice and wore a veil, and without questioning her much I led her to Samples' cell and left them alone. It so happened that I had to go into court directly after, and I left it to a turnkey to let her out. He did so, and it was three hours later when I made the discovery that the two had exchanged clothes, and the woman had been left behind. The turnkey hadn't noticed anything out of the way as the "woman" passed out.

I didn't faint away or have a fit or commit suicide. I simply tendered my resignation and went off on a vacation. I knew my public, and I knew that although I had recovered the horses that "sister" business had taken me out of politics forever. She got ninety days in jail as punishment, I believe, but Samples got clear off and, no doubt, worked his little game to advantage in other localities.

Their Glee.

"He boasts that he came of a fine old family."
"Yes, and how they must have laughed when he left!"—Judge.

Precaution is better than repentance.—Greek Proverb.

F. P. BLAIR & SON

JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
Bellefonte, Pa.

Correspondence

Milesburg.

Miss Lida Shope has departed for Phillipsburg, where she expects to spend the rest of the winter with her sister, Mrs. Richard Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grafmyer and children, of Johnstown, are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Grafmyer.

Mrs. M. C. Piper is visiting her sister, who is very ill, in Huntingdon.

Miss Margaret Zimmerman is visiting her brother, L. Eddy Zimmerman of Bellefonte.

Miss Eloise Zimmerman, of Bellefonte, is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Calvin Zimmerman.

Miss Isabella Campbell and brother George, of Tyrone, are visiting at the W. R. Campbell home.

Charles Zimmerman, who has been located in the west for several years, has returned home from Nebraska.

Clinton Swartz, of Lock Haven, Sunday with his father, John Swartz.

W. H. Smith and family have moved to Buffalo, where Mr. Smith is employed.

Miss Stella Grassmyer, of Curtin, visited Miss Gladys Glenn during the past week.

Ed. Kinne is on the sick list at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. William Comer, of Boston are visiting with Mrs. Emel ne Comer.

Charles Thomas, of Johnstown, was a visitor over Sunday with friends here.

Ralph Thomas, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with friends here.

Miss Williams, who has been visiting her brother, Prof. Williams, has returned to her home in Salona.

Prof. R. R. Williams attended Local Institute at Eagleville on Saturday.

Nevin Schindler, of Curtin, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Schindler, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Williams entertained on Saturday evening a number of young people in honor of Mr. William's sister.

Mrs. Kirk, of Lock Haven, is visiting Mrs. Baldrige.

Miss Ruth Kreamer, of Berwick, who has been visiting her sister Mrs. T. A. Hugg, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Emenhizer entertained a number of their friends on Saturday evening in honor of Mr. Emenhizer's 51st birthday anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Clay Shope are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Boyer, at Yarnell.

Mrs. Elmer Bryan and daughter are visiting friends in Tyrone.

John McCaslin is still at the present writing.

P. H. Haupt has been confined to the house during the past week on account of illness.

Mrs. McCollum, of State College, is visiting Mrs. James McMullen.

Miss Ella Wagner, of Bellefonte, Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wagner.

Harry Watson, of Unionville, visited recently with John Jodon and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Adams returned home from Tylertown on last Monday.

Miss Ruth Bierly entertained fifteen of her friends with a candy party on Thursday night of last week.

John Jodon had quite a pleasant surprise on Saturday evening of last week when a number of his friends and children gathered to greet him on his 65th birthday anniversary.

Mrs. Lucy Stanley has departed for Pittsburg, where she expects to visit her daughter, Mrs. Charles Jodon.

James Campbell, of Tyrone, Sunday with his father, W. R. Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Smith, of Altoona,

visited with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peace.

Mrs. Claud Smith, of State College, visited with Dr. and Mrs. Huff over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Forest Green, who have been visiting with friends in the town, have returned to their home in Altoona.

Christ Jodon and wife, of Altoona, visited recently with John Jodon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Pownell, of Yarnell visited recently with Mrs. William Lucas.

Sylvester Walker, of Altoona, visited his father, David Walker, over Sunday.

Miss Christie Emenhizer spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Emenhizer.

Chester Miles, of Altoona, and Miss Margaret, of Tyrone, were called home on Wednesday of last week on account of the illness of their father, John Miles. We are glad to report that he is very much improved, but not yet able to be around.

Miss Rose Haupt is in State College on a business trip.

Miss Florence Lucas spent Sunday at her home in Holt's Hollow.

Miss Leah Price visited with the Emenhizers over Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Ash, of the M. E. Church, has closed his revival services.

Mrs. Jane Austin is very ill at the present writing.

William Austin, of Eagleville, attended the funeral of L. T. Eddy.

Sixteen of the young girls and boys, chaperoned by Miss Jennie Adams, went to Howard on Saturday afternoon. They arrived home about 7 o'clock with the report that they had a fine time.

Mt. Eagle.

Mrs. Clark Beatty, of Howard, spent a day recently in town with her brother.

Mrs. Arthur Bathurst and two daughters and Mrs. Will Gates and daughter, also Mrs. George Bryan and baby were among those attending the Rimert sale on Saturday afternoon at Howard. Mr. Rimert is disposing of his household goods and removing to Chicago to make his home with his daughter.

Miss Ethel Bitner and W. F. Leathers attended the Local Teachers' Institute at Eagleville on Saturday.

Miss Williams, accompanied by a lady friend from Bellefonte, recently visited several days with the former's mother, Mrs. Bricker, on the farm.

E. E. Heverly went to Lock Haven on Sunday morning, having received word of the sudden death of his son-in-law, Mr. Carpenter.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Bathurst on Saturday went to Williamsport to attend the funeral of their sister-in-law, Mrs. Samuel Bathurst.

Alf. Strickland went to Lock Haven on Sunday morning, having received word of the death of Miss Katherine Bathurst. Her remains were brought to Mt. Eagle and interment made in the cemetery here on Tuesday.

Miss Pearl Leathers spent Sunday in Howard with her aunt, Mrs. Clark Beatty.

Mrs. John Thomas, who has been on the sick list, is not improving as rapidly as her many friends could hope for.

James Reeder, of Flemington, a former Mt. Eagle boy was in town on Saturday evening greeting his numerous friends.

Miss Anna Deitz and Miss Ryler, nurses at the Lock Haven hospital, took supper Sunday evening at the J. F. Deitz home here.

Last Sunday night the stork visited the home of William Shank and left there a fine baby boy. Both mother and little one are getting along nicely.

Read "The Republican" \$1.50 in advance.

Howard.

A man may have an honest heart, tho' south hourly stare him;
A man may take a neighbor's part,
Yet have nae cash to spare him.
ROBERT BURNS.

Miss Pearl Pletcher visited friends in Blanchard over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schenck, of Lock Haven, were guests of friends here over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Neff, of Tyrone, spent Sunday very enjoyably here with the latter's mother, Mrs. W. H. Neff.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Barr visited over Sunday with Mrs. Barr's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Neff.

Willard McDowell was a Lock Haven visitor over Sunday.

Mrs. Maud Earle and her father, William Rimert, departed on Tuesday for Chicago, where Mr. Rimert expects to make his future home.

Willard Yearick and Miss Elsie Gardner are in Washington, D. C., for an extended visit.

Mrs. Clara McCallion and daughter, Mrs. Lizzie McNerny, attended the funeral of the late Miss Katherine Bathurst at Mt. Eagle on Tuesday.

William Wetzel and Lloyd Harvey went to Bellefonte last Friday and returned home with Harvey's Franklin car, which has been thoroughly overhauled and repaired.

Mrs. Charles Kunes and daughter, Genevieve, visited with friends here on Monday.

Mrs. Danner, of Scranton, State President of the P. O. of A., assisted by the District Installing Officer, Mrs. Kitchen and Mrs. Stover, of North Bend, conducted a public installation in Camp No. 155, P. O. of A., the first of the kind ever witnessed at this place. The following were the officers installed:

Mollie Daughenbaugh, Past President.
Lott H. Neff, Assistant Past President.
Lulu Lighthamer, President.

Clara Schenck, Assistant President.
Susan Birtle, Vice President.

Clara Reber, Assistant Vice President.
Nettie Swartz, Recording Secretary.
Laura Williams, Assistant Rec. Secretary.

Idella Williams, Financial Secretary.
Charles Pletcher, Treasurer.

Lizzie Schenck, Conductor.
Ethel Schenck, Assistant Conductor.

Bertha Neff, Sentinel.
Margaret Haupt, Guard.

Viola Hastings, Chaplain.
Susan Loder, Orator.

Following the installation ceremonies the ladies of the lodge served a very appetizing supper, consisting of chicken and noodles. The evening was one greatly enjoyed.

On Thursday night some bold thief entered the confectionery store of G. Frank Williams and robbed the money drawer of about \$7.50. The mean fellow effected an entrance by prying out one of the rear window panes. When he was ready to leave he boldly marched out the back door. Such culprits are usually bold until they are caught. Then the lawyers file a plea for mercy.

A sled load of young people attended the Local Institute at Blanchard last Friday evening. The party included the Misses Anna Boone, Rebecca Lucas, Margaret Wyble, Lovena Williams, Genevieve Pletcher, Pearl Pletcher, Ruth Kane and Mary Regal, also Charles Robb, William Wetzel, John Quiggle, Mark Robb, Kline Wolf, Donald Gardner, Roy Confer, Walter Weber, Curtis Solt and John Williams.

Donald Paul, George Holter and Thomas Kessinger attended a party at Beech Creek on Friday evening. Don't be so bashful next time, boys.

The Howard cornet band will hold a chicken and noodles supper in the band room on Walnut Street on Saturday evening, January 30th. Everybody come and help the boys along.

Pleasant Gap.

Miss Elsie Cummings, of Aaronsburg, is visiting at Mrs. John T. Noll's.

George Wise is a weekly visitor to Bellefonte. We think he is learning to be a hotel waiter. How about it George? Elmer Shaffer recently purchased an M. M. motorcycle from Loyd Sampsel.

Miss Esther Noll is leaving this week for Baltimore, where she expects to undergo an operation for appendicitis.

Leslie E. Miller is very busily engaged at this writing in overhauling the Excelsior motorcycle he recently purchased from our late postmaster. He says he wants to get in first class condition so he can climb the mountain, as he is a weekly visitor to Penna's Valley.

Miss Lizzie Gill, who was recently operated on for appendicitis, is convalescing rapidly.

Clarence Hazel, our blacksmith, has just finished overhauling his Indian motorcycle. He says he expects to be the champion speedster this summer. Lock out for dogs, Clarence, you know what happened last summer.

The Sewing Circle met at Mrs. Ward Shower's home last evening.

Miss Anna Soldi and one of her father's boarders eloped to New York on Tuesday afternoon. Her father is hot on their trail.

Read "The Republican" \$1.50 a year in advance.

Pine Grove Mills.

Fred B. Tate, who wields the birch in the Quay school in Curtin township, was here over the Sabbath.

Nevin Meyers is remodeling his home. Wallace Musser and son have the job.

J. E. Reed is in the lumber business, making ready to build an addition to his already large barn in the spring.

Mrs. James Harpster and Mrs. Margaret Sunday enjoyed the sleighing and visited friends at Oak Hall several days recently.

Daniel F. Humes and wife spent Sunday at the Robert Brannon home.

Simon Shillings, the popular lineman, was along the line on Tuesday adjusting storm damage.

J. B. Goheen was in town on Monday on insurance business.

Ben Bodel flitted to State College last week, where he is employed with the electric people.

E. C. Musser came up from Bellefonte and spent the Sabbath with his father, who is improving from his illness and will soon be able to be about.

Mrs. Walter Woods and daughter Virginia are visiting at the Dr. Woods home, on West Main Street.

H. C. Houck transacted business in Tyrone on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Aaron C. Kepler has the auto fever badly. Dr. L. E. Kidder can cure him with a new Hudson car.

Mr. and Mrs. Perseline came up from Selinsgrove to spend several days at the S. M. Hess home and see their daughter got started housekeeping all O. K. They were agreeably disappointed.

J. R. Smith is handling the brush putting the finishing touches on the interior of his home on East Main Street.

The worst blizzard of the season came from the South Friday night blockading the roads. Warren Meyers can relate how he in his big Hudson car tried to level the drifts on Saturday.

Dr. and Mrs. Woods departed last week for a ten days visit, the former mixing business and pleasure, in the Iron City.

W. C. Collins, our man of hammer and tongs, is visiting his brother-in-law, Dr. Johnsonbaugh, in Bethlehem, and will be gone about one week.

Rev. J. F. Deper will fill the pulpit in the Presbyterian church the first Sunday of February, at 2.30 P. M.

C. N. Trostle attended the inaugural ceremonies at Harrisburg, and since then has been visiting the home of his birth in Perry County and spending some time in Juniata County.

Farmer Will Lytle, at Rock Springs, says he has another back to clothe and mouth to feed. Its a chubby little boy. Both mother and little one are getting along splendidly.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry N. Musser, at Struble, are mourning the death of their oldest son, Lee, who died on Tuesday at 5 o'clock, A. M., after a long illness from that dreaded disease, pneumonia. He was aged 13 years and was a bright and popular young fellow. By his associates his death is deeply mourned. In addition to his parents there survive two brothers and one sister. Burial was made on Thursday morning at 10 o'clock at the Pine Hall cemetery, Rev. L. S. Spangler officiating.

The blizzard last Friday evening did not deter the youngsters of the High School from enjoying a sledding party to the home of J. Will Kepler, in the Glades. Mrs. Kepler, the good housewife who is always on the alert, gave the young folks a royal welcome and a splendid feast, the spread including the very best the market affords. The evening was spent in games and fun and music. It was an evening long to be remembered by all who were so fortunate as to be present, and especially by the trio of young folks—the two Miss Gearharts and Miss Helen Tate—who had an upset homeward bound. Their nag ran away, but fortunately nobody was hurt.

LAME EVERY MORNING

A Bad Back is Generally Worse in the Morning Bellefonte People are Finding Relief.

A back that aches all day and causes discomfort at night is usually worse in the morning. Makes you feel as if you hadn't slept at all.

You can't get rid of kidney backache, until you reach the cause—the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills are especially prepared for weakened or disordered kidneys—have been gratefully recommended by thousands.

Testimony of Bellefonte people proves the merit of Doan's.

"I and another of my family found great benefit from Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at Parrish's Drug Store," says Mrs. J. T. Gordon, of 130 E. Beaver St., Bellefonte. "Our trouble was backache and a dull, constant ache across the loins. I was in misery at times and in the morning was sore and lame. I dreaded to begin my housework. Doan's Kidney Pills made my kidneys normal and relieved the backache. I have had no return of the trouble since. I believe Doan's Kidney Pills are all right."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Gordon had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Take off the Bothersome Old Bandage.

There's quick and pleasant relief from the discomfort of sore throat—And the danger of more serious ailments that may result from its neglect—in the use of

REXALL THROAT GARGLE

It does the work promptly and costs but

25c or 50c

It pays to keep it constantly on hand—

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The *Rexall* Store

A THOMAS & CO. Penny-A-Word Column

CLARENCE PENNA.

Drilling Contractors

Well Drilling A Specialty

COAL AND CLAY PROSPECTING

Thoroughly experienced in

all kinds of drilling. We

understand the business in all

its branches. Prepared at all

times to give estimates on

work. No job too small or

too large for us. Reference

furnished, based on contracts

we have handled in Centre

County.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Address

A. THOMAS,

Clarence, Pa.

FOR SALE—One refrigerator, good as new; size 7 ft. long, 5 ft. wide, and 6 ft. 7 inches high. In first class condition. Price reasonable.
Andy Tobias, Clarence, Pa.

WANTED—For the winter, a driving horse for the keep. Mare preferred. Same will be well cared for and returned in good condition. Would also like to rent a buggy. Would consider a second-hand buggy at a bargain price. Rev. F. A. Lawson, Stormstown, Pa.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY—Hagley's hand-dipped chocolate confectionery. Best 50c goods on market. Popular packages. Seal cards. Retailers make 30% profits. Wholesale supply to wholesale and retail dealers in Pennsylvania sold by J. S. Martin, Farrell, Pa.

When baby suffers with eczema or some itching skin trouble, use Doan's Ointment. A little of it goes a long way and it is safe for children, 50c a box at all stores.

Read "The Republican" \$1.50 a year

FOR SALE—A cow and a horse. Inquire Jesse Leathers, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE OR RENT—House on Wilowbank Street. Inquire of Mrs. S. Satterfield, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—Farm 3 miles from Bellefonte on Pardue Mountain. Good house, barn, outbuildings, spring water and telephone. William Burnside, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—In the Exchange Building. The steam-heated double office recently occupied as the Democratic Headquarters. Also, storage rooms, at \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 per month. F. W. Crider, t.f.

AGENTS WANTED—The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man—no talking. Show it and sale is made. Sample \$1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS—Either sex. Barn \$12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

CARPENTERS WANTED—Four carpenters wanted to work on concrete form work at Liberal Arts Building at State College. Apply to George Barr, State College, Pa.

FARM LANDS—Small Missouri Farm \$5 cash and \$5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; wonderful opportunity; write for photographs and full information. Manager, F. 199 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FOR SALE—The Mrs. Jonas G. Stine property, near Waddle. Six room house a good summer house, good stable, all necessary out-buildings, good fruit of all kinds and good running water, one acre of ground in good condition. Located one and one-half miles East of Waddle station. For particulars apply to Mrs. Jonas G. Stine, Stormstown, Pa., R. F. D. No. 1.

Never can tell when you'll mash a finger or suffer a cut, bruise, burn or scald. Be prepared. Thousands rely on Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. Year druggist sells it. 25c and 50c.

We do All kinds of job work. Get our prices.

Sleighs Sleighs Sleighs

AND
SLEDS

AT THE
FARMERS' SUPPLY STORE

Prices on Sleighs ranging from \$25.00 and upward. All old comfort square backs. Some spring Sleighs and some without springs. Come in and make your selection while the stock is complete and take it home so you will have it when the snow comes, which will be soon.

Genuine Buffalo Robes

also Brookville Wagons, New Idea Manure Spreaders, Cast Iron Hog Troughs, Galvanized Water Troughs, Corn Shellers, Blizzards and Hand Fodder Cutters, Pumps of all kinds, Poultry Grits, Charcoal, Beef Scrap and Oyster Shells. Hulled Oats, something fine. Old process Flax Seed Meal, Pure Ground Flax Seed Meal and Cotton Seed Meal.

We have a good warm stove and we give you fair treatment. Call and look us over.

John G. Dubbs

BELLEFONTE

PENNA.

OUR GROCERIES SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

A long list of satisfied customers testify to this fact.

Choice assortment of Sunshine Cakes—Dried Fruits—Nut Meats—Sun-Kist Canned Fruits. All of them fresh from the factory.

Our famous Stittville Peas, at 20 cents per can, are exactly like those fresh from the garden.

Try our Japanese Crab meat, Shad Roe or Valon Tuna Fish. Just the thing for a dainty luncheon.

Splendid big Grapefruit, four for twenty-five cents.

Five cents worth of our salted peanuts will convince you they are the best in town—Fresh every day.

Fresh Country Butter Always on Hand.

ROBERT MORRIS

Bellefonte - - Pa.

TOUCHING A CONSCIENCE

How a Crime Was Robbed of Its Reward.

By EUNICE BLAKE

David Herrick and his wife had no children, and as they were growing old they decided to adopt some one to be with them while they lived and to enjoy after their death a snug property they had accumulated. There were two persons from whom they were disposed to select this companion and heir, the one Julia Andrews, the daughter of a sister of Mr. Herrick; the other Kate Armitage, a girl who had at times been employed by them for various purposes.

Mrs. Herrick let out the secret of their intention to a friend who told it to Kate Armitage. The consequence was that when Julia Andrews was chosen Kate was much chagrined. Quite likely, if she had not received the information given her, this story would never have been written.

Julia Andrews was a lovely girl, very sensitive and high spirited. She entered upon her life as companion for her uncle and aunt and resolved to do all she could for their happiness. Not long after she did so a will was made in her favor.

Kate Armitage found it impossible to relinquish not only the comfortable home, but the fortune, that would have been hers had the decision been in her favor and resolved to make an effort to oust her successful rival that she might step into her place. When a person is determined to ruin another, if the work is properly planned and without any regard whatever to truth or justice, in many cases the effort will be successful.

Kate Armitage's first object was to get possession of a specimen of the handwriting of the girl she was desirous of supplanting. She wrote Julia a note under an assumed name, taking care even to disguise her hand, telling her a pitiful story of a sick mother and a lot of starving children and begging her to send her a little pecuniary assistance. Julia inclosed a bill in a sympathetic letter and thought no more about the matter.

Not long after this Mrs. Herrick received an anonymous letter inclosing one purporting to have been written by Julia, in which she said that she was getting very tired waiting for the old couple to die, and she wished they would hurry up. The letter began "My dear" and ended "Your loving Julia." Therefore the identity of the person to whom it had been written was concealed. The person who sent the letter—evidently a woman—declared that she could not bear to see a good woman so basely deceived and had therefore sent her the proof of her niece's ingratitude.

Mrs. Herrick was naturally very much shocked. She recognized at once Julia's handwriting, or supposed she did, for she did not know that Kate Armitage had practiced for weeks imitating it, and it seemed to her that there was no question as to her niece's guilt. Her husband was not at home then, and she could not wait till he returned to charge Julia with her baselessness. Julia, who did not suppose she had an enemy in the world, was thunderstruck. She denied having written the letter, and when her aunt called upon her for proof of the fact, yielding to her sensitive, high strung nature, she walked out of the room, put on her wraps and left the house.

When Mr. Herrick returned and learned what had occurred he was not so disposed as was his wife to believe in his niece's guilt. He explained to his wife that the law was full of peculiar checks that were intended to protect persons accused of crime, not only from false evidence, but from the taking of steps calculated to place them in false positions. He therefore advocated recalling Julia and hearing what she had to say in her defense. His wife opposed this because, she maintained, Julia had acknowledged her guilt by going away.

Having failed in their first effort to get some one to be a comfort to them and inherit their property, they decided to make another trial in the person of Kate Armitage. She was asked by Mrs. Herrick to a conference which resulted in her being invited to live with the couple on trial. She quickly assented and became a member of the family. She proved more satisfactory than Julia as a helper, because what Julia had done for her aunt and uncle from choice Kate did to make herself solid with those from whom she hoped to inherit a fortune. Nevertheless there is a difference between true and false affection which appears at times, for it is a different matter for the pretender to keep up the pretense. Mr. Herrick regretted his niece and failed to take any interest in Kate Armitage.

Kate proving eminently satisfactory to Mrs. Herrick, the old couple decided to make a will in her favor. Mr. Herrick had accumulated the property, and he willed the property to his wife, who made a will in favor of Kate. The attorney who drew these wills recommended certain restrictions. If Mrs. Herrick should be disabled from making a subsequent will the one she had made must stand. It was therefore possible for Kate to marry, leave her benefactress, and yet inherit the property at the latter's death. A clause was therefore introduced into Mrs. Herrick's will that in case Kate mar-

ried the will should be void. In such event, there being no will, the property would be distributed among the heirs-at-law.

Mr. Herrick died when Kate had been living with them three years, and his wife followed him six months later. Kate had been told by Mrs. Herrick that she had made a will in her favor, but the restriction was not mentioned. After the old lady's death the lawyer who had drawn it and in whose care it had been ever since produced it and signified to Kate that he had deposited it with the surrogate. She had only to go to that official to sign the necessary documents and receive her inheritance.

It is not to be assumed from this narrative that Kate Armitage was a good girl. Not long after she went to live with the Herricks she fell in with a young man, and a love affair resulted. She could not marry without leaving Mr. and Mrs. Herrick, which would be equivalent to relinquishing a fortune. After Mr. Herrick's death she consented to secretly marry her lover, she to retain her residence with Mrs. Herrick. The marriage was performed by a clergyman and with witnesses to whom the bride was personally unknown, for she would trust no one except her lover with a secret on which so much depended.

Kate concluded to receive her property under her maiden name, though she had been advised that property left her as a spinster was equally hers as a married woman. She went alone to the surrogate, who showed her the will. She read that all Mrs. Herrick's property was hers and breathed a sigh of relief. Then she read on and saw that provided she married the will was void.

She uttered a suppressed cry. All that she had signed for, all that she had waited for during five years, was lost. But was it lost? One who had ruined another by a forgery was not incapable of signing a lie. Might she not receive the property as an unmarried woman?

The surrogate obliged her before acknowledging her right to the property to sign a statement under oath that she was not married. This was a more serious matter than forging a letter. She did not dare sign without consultation or at least deliberation. She went to a lawyer and stated her case hypothetically. He informed her that a married woman under the circumstances signing a statement that she was not and had not been married would commit a felony and was liable to imprisonment.

In her perplexity she informed her husband what she was obliged to do to secure the property they had been waiting for. He saw at once that it could be secured only by the perpetration of a crime and told her so. A quarrel resulted between them, and he left her.

The fear of prison kept the beneficiary of the will from signing a falsehood, and after much delay she was forced to admit to the attorney who had had charge of the Herrick property that she was a married woman and had no claim on the property. The lawyer before notifying the heirs-at-law that Mrs. Herrick had died with out a valid will made a search among the family papers to be sure that there was no prior will. He found one that had been made in favor of Julia Andrews soon after she had gone to live with the Herricks.

One morning Julia Andrews received a letter informing her that she had inherited an estate worth \$300,000. Julia believed there was some mistake. She called on the lawyer who had sent the notification, and he told her that Kate Armitage, who had taken her place in the Herrick household, had been left the property, but with a proviso which had nullified the will.

Julia had known that her uncle and aunt had supplied her place, but knew little or nothing about the person who she would take advantage of a technicality to secure an inheritance that was not rightfully hers. She thought the matter over, then asked for an appointment to meet the person whom she considered the rightful heir. The two women met at the lawyer's office and were left alone in a private room. Julia was as calm as a summer sky. Kate was pale as a ghost.

"I presume," said Julia, "that you went to live with my uncle and aunt with the understanding that you were to inherit their property."

"I did," said Kate in a faint voice.

"How came it that my aunt put the provision in her will that if you married you should lose your inheritance?"

"I don't know. I never knew of such provision."

"You completed your part of the contract, I believe—you remained with my aunt so long as she lived."

"I did."

"Then the property rightfully belongs to you."

Kate made no reply to this. She hung her head to conceal her features, which showed the workings of conscience. There was a long silence, at the end of which Julia continued:

"I cannot accept this property for two reasons. The first is that my aunt did not intend to leave it to me; therefore it is not mine. In the second place, when I was wrongfully accused by means of a forged letter my aunt believed the forgery instead of my denial, and I am too proud to take it on this account. I am ready to turn it over to you."

No police inspection could have applied the third degree to a criminal more effectively. Kate broke down and confessed that she was the author of the forgery.

Because of her repentance Julia granted her an allowance as long as she lived.

The 31st of October, 1793

By F. A. MITCHEL

In the autumn of 1893 Charles Goodwin, an American bachelor who had been spending an evening at a students' ball in the Latin quarter of Paris, on his way to his hotel in the Rue Rivoli crossed the bridge leading into the Place de la Concorde. Just as he reached the fountain midway between the two obelisks a clock in deep tone struck the hour of 1.

Something like a shudder came over the young man. Perhaps it was the loneliness, for the Place was deserted—that is, at the moment, since this central location can never be said to be deserted for any length of time even in the small hours of morning. Perhaps it was the contrast between his surroundings and the gay scenes he had just left, a contrast heightened by his knowledge of the history of the location where stood the fountain he was passing. He stopped and mused.

During the reign of terror where the fountain is now stood the guillotine. Every day a succession of carts brought victims to this Moloch of the revolution. At first the nobility of France were in process of removal; then when factions became jealous of each other the party in power removed those who were its rivals. For awhile Robespierre was virtual dictator and decided who should be executed. The leaders of the Conservatives, the Girondists, he sent after those of royal and noble blood. Then a new faction gained the supreme power and sent Robespierre after the Girondists.

While Goodwin mused there was no sound but a distant cab rattling over the stones or a shout of laughter from a cafe on the Champs Elysees. And even then came at intervals the thought that he was alone. But suddenly he caught sight through the spray of the fountain of a woman's figure on the other side of the basin. Impelled by curiosity he moved around to where she stood. What was his astonishment to see one whose features indicated that she was a lady. Her dress also bespoke her rank. The costume was in the demi-toile style which was in vogue some time ago. She was very pale.

It has never been permitted to Parisian ladies to be on the street alone even at midday. As for a lady being out unattended at 1 o'clock in the morning, such a thing was unthinkable, and yet the American was positive that the person he saw on the other side of the fountain was a lady. Her features were French. As to her costume, though it was in a style in vogue a hundred years before—a style that had been revived—the collar and cap were those worn at the close of the eighteenth century.

"Madame," exclaimed Goodwin, "surely you have been through some error on the part of your escort or your coachman, caught out alone. Will you permit me to call a carriage?"

"What day is this?" asked the lady.

"Day of the week or the month?"

"The month."

"This is the 31st of October."

"Do you hear them singing?"

Surely this woman had lost her reason and, having eluded her keeper, had wandered forth in the night. Goodwin was at a loss to know what to do—whether to call the police or a cab.

"There are only three voices now," continued the woman. "Mine was one of the first to be stifled."

"Won't you take my arm, madame?" said Goodwin, extending it. "The night is chill, and you do not seem to be sufficiently clad."

"Now there are two," was the only reply.

"I beg of you come with me—for a little way—to the Rue Rivoli. We will find a cab there."

"Now there is one."

Goodwin was badly upset. Alone in Paris with a crazy woman between 1 and 2 in the morning, he would have left her, but this would be desertion. He could not bring himself to do it. Fortunately a cab came across the bridge. When it arrived opposite the fountain he ran out to call the driver. As he started the lady he was leaving said:

"Now, there is none."

The cabman stopped, and his cab was empty. Goodwin returned for the lady.

She was gone.

All in a shiver, Goodwin got into the cab and was driven to his hotel.

The next afternoon he walked out through the Place de la Concorde. The day was bright and the space was filled with carriages and pedestrians. He stood by the fountain on the exact spot where he had stood the night before.

Had he been dreaming?

Three years later he was reading a history of the Girondists. The last pages of the book gave an account of how they died on the guillotine singing the "Marseillaise," the volume of sound growing less till the last one sang alone. That single voice stifled, all had perished. Turning to the date of this one of the most dramatic scenes of history, Goodwin noticed that it occurred on the 31st of October, 1793.

Up to the time of reading this account Goodwin had frequently spoken to his friends of his adventure that night in the Place de la Concorde, which a century before had been called the Place de la Revolution. After having informed himself of the fate of the Girondists he never again mentioned it. His friends noticed, too, that he was changed.

THE MOTH AND THE STAR

The Story of an Automobile Accident That Was Not Wholly Disastrous.

By MARVIN DANA

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"One never sees you alone," I complained. "Always," I persisted, "you are in haste, occupied with a thousand things, with everything except me. To me you are unattainable as a star. Though I am near you often, really you are always remote. I can no more reach you than can a moth the star toward which it flutters."

"Yes," she said musingly, "I am a star. And to tell you the truth, I like it. There is something about the center of the stage."

But I interrupted rudely.

"You must understand that I require an opportunity."

"An opportunity?"

"In all this time I have had no opportunity. My life is one wild whirl."

Elsa sat up straight and stared at me with all the ravishing beauty of the loveliest eyes in the world.

"No opportunity?" she repeated incredulously. "Now, what can you mean? Here you are alone with me in my drawing room while we are waiting for a party to get her hat on. Here we are alone, I say. And you declare you have no opportunity! Opportunity for what?"

"Why, to declare my love," I answered indignantly. "Aunt, indeed! That's it—we're always waiting for her. She's pervasively present. I know she has planned deliberately to make me propose in her presence."

"What shall I do, then?" she questioned meekly as I paused.

"Just waive it all and be engaged," I suggested triumphantly. "Will you?"

"Yes, I think I will," Elsa said softly.

At that I had her in my arms and my lips met hers. My heart leaped with a joy new, dominant, complete. Beneath the mask of light words I had offered her my very soul.

Aunt entered the room. I went to her, gathered her up in my arms and kissed her with might.

We had been engaged three months when the inevitable serpent intruded himself into our Eden.

I was in the orchestra the first night Elsa appeared in the role of Juliet. I was carried away by the simplicity and passion of her interpretation, its girlish purity, its womanly abandonment to love's dominion. Then, quite without warning, a pang of anguish pierced my heart.

The Romeo was an actor new to me, handsome, young, an ideal lover to the sight, and as Elsa looked adoration into his eyes the evil of jealousy entered my heart and remained.

That night after the play, at the gay supper party where I was with her, I remained sad and distraught. I forced myself to utter congratulations on the success she had achieved, but there was little heartiness in my words. She rallied me on my dull spirits, laughingly at first, then with kindly seriousness. But I could not shake off the gloom of my mood, which I explained by alleging an indisposition. Neither then nor after could I bring myself to confess my trouble.

A new play was put on, but it brought me no relief. On the contrary, my torture was increased. In the climax of the play the hero, who had played Romeo, saved the heroine, Elsa, from great peril. She in an ecstasy of gratitude threw herself on his breast in complete abandonment of love. As she lay yielding in his arms, her head thrown back, her eyes burned into his with such fires of love I groaned aloud. The sight maddened me. I left my seat and the theater and did not see Elsa again that night.

I could not decide on my course, but in the morning I was calmer, and I set out with a fair amount of composure to fulfill an engagement with my fiancée.

I had promised Elsa to take her in the auto out to Bronx park. I found her ready when I reached her house, and very soon we were rolling swiftly up Fifth avenue.

"It was a perfect morning. The air was crisp with the chill of dawning winter, but not too cold. It set the blood coursing with new vigors and drove out sorrow from the heart. There, in the glory of the morning, in the pleasure of our smooth movement, with Elsa nestled close to my side, I forgot despair and reveled for the moment in the delight of it all."

"I love automobiling," Elsa said irrelevantly. "It is the lightest, daintiest movement, so—oh, subtle and, yes, aerial. I feel like a bird."

As we came to the open beauty of the Plaza I turned from the avenue into the park, and we went rolling along the gently undulating and winding driveway, charmed by the landscape on either hand.

As I ran the machine out of the park into Seventh avenue a carriage was passing, and I attempted to check our speed. To my dismay I found that there was no response to my effort. It was only by skillful guiding of the automobile that I escaped a collision.

Once free of that danger, I set myself to regain control of the apparatus. But my work was vain. Somehow the mechanism had gone wrong. I could only guide the automobile and pray for a safe issue. Unfortunately in the last stretch of the park I had increased the speed, and we were running fast.

"You are reckless this morning," Elsa said, with a laugh of pleasure, as we shot swiftly between two carriages, patently close.

I made no answer, only prayed for a clear course. We were at One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street now. In a few moments we should reach the bridge.

And then the worst happened.

As we rolled toward the bridge Elsa clapped her hands gayly, like a child. "Oh, see!" she cried. "We shall have to stop. The bridge is going to open!"

Horror closed in on me. I cast one searching glance about us, but there was no place to turn; in every direction the way was blocked. There was no choice possible. I must let the machine run straight on.

I knew then that I could no longer conceal the truth from Elsa. She must know the fate that threatened, looming nastily, inevitably.

I turned and spoke to her softly, plying, a prayer for forgiveness in my voice.

"Elsa, dearest, I cannot stop the auto!"

In the one glance I gave her I saw the pallid agony of her face, and my heart was near broken with despair. One cry came from her lips, a sound, half sob, half moan, breathed and was broken. She had fainted, lying inert against me.

We were on the bridge now. The seconds of our time were numbered. Leaving the machine to run straight, with tense rapidity I threw myself over its back and rudely dragged Elsa to a place beside me on the box that contained the power. There I knelt, facing forward. Then, still kneeling, I gathered up my love in my arms, holding her close to my bosom.

There were shouts of wonder and alarm from others on the bridge. The time that now remained before the crash could be only seconds. I straightened myself on my knees, then leaned back abruptly, Elsa still in my arms. In an instant I was falling backward; then my feet touched the flooring of the bridge.

I fell heavily on my side. My last thought was that at all costs she must not suffer harm. Then blackness closed in on me, and I was lost in nothingness.

They told me afterward that the crash of the motorcar against the rail and its headlong rush into the river below were wonderful and terrifying. As for Elsa and me, we knew nothing of it all. When I regained consciousness, however, Elsa was kneeling by me, her eyes beaming tenderness and pity.

Clumsily I rose to my feet. I was aching in every bone, but I was not seriously harmed.

I was soiled with the dirt of the street, a little bloody from bruises here and there, very weak and trembling, but after a moment my brain cleared, and I was able to climb into a hansom. As I leaned wearily against the cushions Elsa's hand stole to mine and clasped it gently. She turned her face to me, and I saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

"Thank you," she said.

There was a beautiful kindness in her voice, a soft, womanly appreciation of the service I had rendered, a restrained emotion of tenderness. But weak, suffering, dazed, I yet perceived that here there was no passionate fervor.

I made a formal answer, then rested silent. Elsa, in sympathy for my mood, said no more.

The next morning I went to her. She met me with eager solicitude as to my condition after the accident. I answered briefly.

"Elsa, I come to release you from your engagement to me."

The color faded from her face, and she stared at me in amazement.

"Yes," I continued; "I believe you thought you loved me. You have been, you are, my friend, but I have seen the passion you can feel, the depth, the ardor, of your heart, and I know your love is not for me. So I release you."

"You have seen? Where? When?" she stammered wonderingly.

"I have seen you on the stage, in Anstee's arms, his Juliet, his Margaret, in the new play. Oh, and it has broken my heart to see you lying so willingly in his embrace, your eyes blazing love into his! Yes, Elsa; it is death to give you up, but I know I have no choice, for your heart is not mine, but his."

Elsa laughed. I recoiled in mingled indignation and sorrow.

"You are amused by this!" I cried.

"Forgive me," she said very seriously. "But you are so foolish, dear. Let me tell you something. You have given me the greatest compliment I have ever received as an actress. And you were really jealous! Oh, you darling! Almost I am glad of it. Hear me. On the stage I play my part—my part, do you understand? Nothing more. Off the stage, with you, I am not artificial; I am only natural. To my lover on the stage I am his heroine, silly, passionate, weeping, mad, anything the part demands—a thousand things. With you I am only one thing, natural, simple—a woman who loves, who loves—you! Are you content? With you I show only what I feel. Isn't that enough?"

Somehow, as she spoke, the scales fell from my eyes. I saw there in her gentle tenderness the profounder passion of sincerity, of abiding love. I drew her to me, my heart beating a revivell of joy.

"As to Anstee, I have asked our manager to discharge him. He leaves this week. Oh, such a man! I'd rather rant to a stick! And you, sweet heart? Oh, I love you too much to be a actress to you! Besides, really you ought to be content, for—well, just for this—I love you!"

And then my kiss silenced her.

A Stagecoach Wedding

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

I was standing in a room crowded with men and women in evening dress when I heard a cheery feminine voice near me exclaim:

"Why, Tom!"

"What luck?" responded a young man, with blond hair, parted in the middle, and his chin held up by a very high collar.

"I don't know a person here," said the girl, who had spoken first.

"Nor I. I would rather have met you than own a gold mine."

"Isn't it nice to meet some one you don't expect, but whom you wish to meet?"

Happy smiles illuminated the faces of these two youngsters, whom it made me happy to look at. Indeed, there was one especial reason for my enjoyment of this pleasant surprise, for it reminded me of one that had occurred in my own family years before.

In the sixties—I refer to the last century—my father, then a young man, went out to Denver to grow up with a new town. Albert Reeder had gone there a few years before with his family for the purpose of building a stamp mill on Clear creek, up in the mountains, and had become interested in the extraction of gold from ore.

My father, who was as poor as a church mouse, found work in the service of Mr. Reeder and was sent up to one of his stamp mills, where he soon became superintendent.

Mr. Reeder thought my father one of the brightest young men in the world and was ready to do anything for him till he discovered that his employee had a love affair with his daughter, Agnes. Then he suddenly turned against him. The trouble was that Reeder had a prospect of soon becoming very rich and had begun to cherish expectations of Agnes marrying either a duke or a prince or something of that order.

The young couple were in a peck of trouble in consequence of the old man's refusal to consent to their union. Of course the matter rested with Agnes. My father couldn't do anything without her concurrence, and she was disposed to break with her father. But her father must have been uncertain of her, for he ordered her to get ready to go back east to stay awhile with an aunt. Agnes seemed disposed to yield to his commands. She wrote my father that he might come down from the mill and say goodbye to her. He did so and there was a very affecting scene between the lovers.

Inasmuch as Agnes was making her preparations to go east and it was supposed that she was bidding her lover a last farewell, no opposition was made to the two youngsters seeing as much of each other as they liked. They spent a whole evening together, during which Agnes told my father that if she married him her father would disinherit her and that she would lose a very large fortune. Her mother was bitterly opposed to her marriage with my father, for it was she who was determined to exchange the wealth she would inherit for one of those rundown titled foreigners who are in the market for American heiresses.

My father was the more cast down because, while Agnes talked about her mother's wishes in this matter, he was not quite sure that Agnes herself was not inclined to the plan of marrying a title and was accustomed to do pretty much as she pleased.

However, there was nothing for my father to do but submit, and he said goodbye to Agnes lugubriously. One thing he knew—if she was disposed to obedience he could not move her, and if she was not disposed to obedience her parents could not hold her.

My father, notwithstanding his employer's opposition to his marriage, was continued in his position and the morning after his farewell left for the mill. He always rode on the outside of the coach and climbed on top, where he resigned himself to brooding over the severest blow one can receive, whether young or old—separation from a mate.

From Denver the road westward extends for fifteen miles to the base of the mountains, then rises abruptly. The morning was bright to every one on the coach except my father, and those inside seemed to be having a hilarious time. My father thought nothing of this, for stagecoach travelers always become acquainted, and he supposed they were enjoying each other's companionship.

They were approaching the base of the mountains when a voice from below called out that Jim Hartaway—that was my father—was wanted inside. Nothing was further from his inclination, and he refused to descend. But the request was repeated, and at last he climbed down and entered the coach. All looked at him expectantly, and one of the men said smilingly:

"Every one loves a lover. Cheer up, young man! If you must have a girl here's one for you."

He pointed to an old lady on the back seat. My father looked at her wonderingly, and suddenly she threw back a veil and exposed the smiling features of Agnes.

This meeting between my father and mother came back to me as I looked upon the young couple and saw their expression of pleased surprise, only I fancy my father's was far more radiant.

There was a clergyman in the coach, and the wedding took place then and there.

A Lunatic Crew

By M. QUAD

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We were due east of the island of Luzon, one of the Philippine group, and heading down the China sea with a cargo for London when we caught the tail of a typhoon. We were lying to and making fairly good weather of it when a Spanish ship, also lying to, hove into sight. She was lighter and drove faster to leeward. She was about a mile to windward of us when first sighted, and no great attention was given her until it was seen that she was drifting squarely down upon us. As she came nearer we saw that her crew were dancing about on her decks like a lot of drunken men and paying no attention to the storm. Her foretopmast had gone overboard, and much of her canvas had blown away, and she was being held in the wind's eye by a tarpaulin set in the rigging. A sheer of the wheel would have sent the Spanish ship clear of us by half a cable's length, but the fellows drifted down without paying us the slightest attention, and she did not move by ten feet. As she rode past we could look right into the eyes of her crew. They were about thirty in number, and they yelled and screamed at us like so many lunatics. Brief as was the time, we all noticed one peculiarity about them.

Beyond cursing the Spanish crew for a gang of idiots we had little to say. The idea of fear of the storm had made them take to drink, as is often the case, and they were going to Davy Jones' with a jag on. Six hours later the storm broke, and we headed our course, but within six hours we were pitching about on the troubled sea without way enough to ruffle a feather. I turned in at 8 o'clock that night and turned out again at midnight for the morning watch. After midnight the sea began to go down very fast, and at 2 o'clock there was only what you might call a tumble on. It was then that we faintly caught the sound of voices in whooping and singing to the south of us. It was thick night, and nothing could be made out, but at 4 o'clock we got a light breeze and had not been wafted along a knot when we had the Spanish ship again under our eyes. All her topmasts were gone now, while a portion of her bulwarks was smashed in, and she looked a bad wreck.

We headed for the wreck at once, and when we came within hailing distance we asked if help was wanted. The reply was a chorus of shrieks and screams, while many of the men shook their heads at us in defiance. It looked like a case of mutiny, and our captain was at a loss to know what step to take. Before he could make up his mind the Spaniards had lowered a boat and pulled for us. Every one of the crew piled into the boat, and we saw them grab up belaying pins, capstan bars and whatever else could be used as weapons. The boat came dashing at us with every man yelling and whooping, and they tried boarding us at once. We had no better weapons with which to beat them off, and we were three less in number, but when we looked into their fierce eyes and saw murder there we struck to kill.

They fought like tigers and seemed insensible to blows, but we beat them off at last. Four of their number went to the bottom of the sea with broken skulls and of those pulled away all were more or less hurt. We knew now that they were lunatics instead of drunken men, and we stood by till noon in the hope that they would calm down. They appeared to after awhile, but just as soon as we lowered a boat they woke up again and raged like wild beasts. We could understand nothing of their shouts except that they were on, and in the face of their determined opposition we could not board their craft. It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon before we squared away and left them, and then a fierce fight was going on, and at least one man had been thrown overboard to drown.

You may well guess that we aboard the Bristol were astonished and mystified by the singular incident, but the explanation when it came was very simple in a sense. The Spanish ship had a Filipino for a cook. He had trouble with both officers and men and was determined to have revenge. Before sailing from Luzon he had provided himself with a quantity of seed from the plant known as aripe. It is a wild kelp, and a decoction makes a madman of the drinker. How he managed to serve it out to the whole crew at once will never be known, but that was what he did and perhaps drank a share himself. The ship was manned by a lunatic crew when she drove down on us before the gale, and they were lunatics when we left them fighting and drifting. Ten days later the ship, which had become a wreck below and aloft, was picked up by a steamer and towed into port. Not a man living or dead was found on board. They had fought each other to the last and then the sole survivor had sought death beneath the waves. The cook had probably mixed the poisonous decoction with their coffee or wine soon after the storm had struck them, though not before she was in shape to ride it out. How long it was after we left them no one could say, but very likely not more than a day or so had passed when the last of the lunatics gave up his life and the ship went drifting and drifting with the sun drying up the hundred bloodstains on her battered deck.

Tenniel's Mustache.

The later portraits of Sir John Tenniel, the famous cartoonist of London Punch, show him wearing a full beard and mustache, but his most familiar appearance was with a mustache only, a long and curly specimen, worthy of one of Ouida's guardsmen. The story of how he came to grow it is interesting.

After the Crimean war the return of the soldiers with full beards started a fashion against which three Punch artists protested. One day, being out on horseback together, they solemnly halted at crossroads and swore on their uplifted hunting crops never to wear hair on lip or chin. Tenniel was one of the party. Leech another and R. T. Pritchett the third.

Leech alone remained true to the vow. Pritchett went to Skye, and on his return with a mustache called on Tenniel. He thrust his head in at the cartoonist's door and dumbly waited. "You scoundrel!" was Tenniel's exclamation. "Then I, too, must!" And he did.

He Ought to Know.

Lady—I should like to look at a flat which I see is for rent in this building, but no one has answered my bell.

Man—I'll show it to you. Right this way, mum.

"Well, this is something like it. The rooms will suit, I'm sure. What sort of a janitor have they here?"

"The very best in the city, mum."

"Obliging?"

"The kindest hearted gentleman to be found anywhere, mum."

"Honest?"

"As the day is long, mum."

"Is he attentive to his duties?"

"He's just workin' himself to death, mum. Always thinkin' up some new thing to make folks comfortable."

"Well, I declare! I wouldn't lose this flat for the world. Where is the janitor now?"

"I'm him, mum."—Kansas City Star.

The Green Flames.

The greatest discovery of borax ever made was the result of the purest chance. A number of years ago a man named Aaron Winters was prospecting for gold or other precious metals in that American inferno known as Death valley. He had his wife with him, and they two worked together until their provisions were at an end; then, bitterly disappointed at their ill success, they started back toward civilization. The first night they camped in Ash valley. Here they lit a fire and prepared to cook their supper. Mrs. Winters called her husband's attention to the peculiar green tinge of the flames. He did not speak, but with shaking hands scratched away the earth and suddenly shouted: "We're rich, Rose; we're rich! It's borax!" He was right. They subsequently sold their claim for a very large sum.

British Field Marshals.

A British field marshal never retires from the army. He may be placed on half pay, but is still borne on the active list. By the regulations there must not be more than eight field marshals receiving pay as such—that is, exclusive of honorary field marshals, such as foreign kings, emperors and princes. Of the eight regular field marshals two must be selected from the Indian army. The position of field marshal is a great one. The field marshal commanding in chief in the Mediterranean gets £5,000 a year. Probably a field marshal actively employed will get at least £3,000 a year. This is better than the pay of an admiral of the fleet, who may be said to be a naval field marshal, and gets only a little over £2,000 a year, exclusive of allowances.—Ireland's Own.

Sikh's Disk of Death.

Sikh soldiers can certainly claim to possess a unique form of weapon. This is a hand thrown missile composed of metal similar in shape to the discs, familiar in Roman history. Its edge is sharpened like a razor, and the weapon, when thrown with a peculiar circular motion, has extraordinary penetrating power. It cuts like a knife through paper when it strikes any object in its path.

At a distance of a hundred yards the disk is capable of cutting its way through a piece of hard wood two inches thick. It is the peculiar twist given to the weapon when it is thrown which causes the cutting edge to bury itself so remorselessly in anything that it meets. It is doubtful whether any but the Sikhs could effectively use this unique weapon.

Broad Brimmed Hats.

Toward the end of the thirteenth century big broad brimmed hats were fashionable in Austria. They were of such huge dimensions that a face under one of them could not be recognized. A poem written by Johannes Hadlaub expresses disgust with the style and the hope that the hats might be consigned to the Danube "so that the pretty faces of our women might once more become visible."

Appropriately Named.

"What do you call your bulldog?" the visitor asked the farmer.

"Nabs."

"A curious name for a dog. Why do you call him that?"

"Wait until a tramp comes along and I'll show you."—Birmingham Age Herald.

Strictly Business.

He—Do you expect to carry out the promise you have made to marry me? She—Well, as I look at the matter, I have taken an option on you, but I feel I have a right to surrender it in the event that a better opportunity offers. —Richmond Times Dispatch.

A BALKAN EPISODE

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

The Balkan states are half a dozen little kingdoms that have been fighting one another from time immemorial, and all of them have been fighting the Turk. If the many occurrences in the Balkans of a romantic nature could be gathered together there would be enough of them to supply story tellers for hundreds of years. The following is a sample:

Not far from Adrianople there lived a country girl named Tarissa. She was a Christian inhabiting a region ruled by the Turks. Tarissa's home was just south of the border line between Turkey and Roumelia. One day a party of Roumelians headed by a young man, Boris Lovatz, came down the valley of the Maritza river in pursuit of a band of Turks who had carried off some Roumelian women. Before his return he had met Tarissa and there had resulted a love affair. Lovatz was successful in rescuing the women he had come for and went back into Roumelia.

Had it not been for having met Tarissa he might never have come into Turkey again and been safe from the revenge due him for the rescue. But there is no risk a man will not take for love, and it was not long before he was again across the border on a visit to his sweetheart. Indeed he came so often that it got out among the Turks that this enemy had been captivated by a girl and was making periodical visits to her. So a watch was set for him.

One day the spy who was selected for this service went to a Turkish officer who was on duty in the neighborhood and told him that Boris was with Tarissa. The officer directed several of his men to mount their horses, and placing himself at their head, he rode toward the hamlet where Tarissa lived. Dusk was falling, and the Turk, before reaching the hamlet, directed his men to remain where they were and rode forward alone to reconnoiter, for he knew that Boris was as slippery as an eel and if he was aware that a force was coming to take him he would be off like the wind.

When near Tarissa's home the officer approached cautiously, and since it was dark he reached a window without being seen. In the room into which he looked were Boris and Tarissa. Boris was trying to induce the girl to go back with him and become his wife. She hesitated since he was marked for destruction in Turkey and could never come back with her to her home. So intent were they with each other that they did not notice the appearance of the Turk at the window till they heard a click and, looking up, saw him level a pistol at Boris.

The Roumelian realized that he was doomed and, preferring to die by a bullet without being tortured, as he doubtless would be if he were captured, put his hand to his hip for a weapon. But he had unclasped his belt and laid it on a chair. Tarissa saw his eye turn toward the chair, and, anticipating his intention to die defending himself, she threw herself between him and his weapon.

This placed her between the officer and her lover. Since the former could not shoot without killing her he sprang in through the window and, covering Boris, called on him to surrender. There was nothing else for the captive to do since he had nothing with which to make a defense except to induce his captor to shoot him.

The next move of the Turk was to get his prisoner to his men or his men to his prisoner. The latter was not an easy thing to do, for the men were beyond call, and he had no one to send for them. Keeping his pistol pointed toward Boris, he glanced out through the window to see if any one was near, for he was in a Christian hamlet, and if he attempted to drive his captive to his men he might get a bullet from some one of the little clump of houses.

During these few moments in which he was obliged to keep so many things in his mind there were two very important matters that he failed to grasp. One was Tarissa and the other Boris' belt, to which was hung his pistol, though he may not have seen the latter. The Turk's glance through the window enabled Tarissa to take a step backward so that by placing her hand behind her she might reach the weapon.

Not seeing any one without to send for his men, he ordered Boris to precede him through the doorway and out of the house. Boris obeyed, and as the men passed out, the Turk keeping his eyes fixed on his prisoner, Tarissa possessed herself of Boris' pistol. She now had every advantage, for she was behind the Turk. Only the knowledge that her lover would die a frightful death enabled her to kill a man in cold blood. Stealing up close to the Turk, she shot him through the head.

Boris turned, saw the Turk fall and Tarissa with a smoking pistol in her hand.

"Go," she said. "There must be others near."

Without a word he sprang on to the horse on which he had come, and as he passed out of sight the Turkish soldiers were heard coming.

Boris escaped. Tarissa hid in the darkness for a time, then set out to join him.

Neither of them ever entered Turkey again, for they knew that Boris would be killed and Tarissa would meet a worse fate. In their home in Roumelia they were safe.

Military Music.

"No one in time of peace can understand what war is," writes Rev. Charles E. Jefferson in the Woman's Home Companion. "We may prepare for it, but we do not realize what it is we are preparing for. Military preparations are quite interesting, even exciting. Boys and girls are always fascinated by the paraphernalia of battle. Never have the instruments of war been so intricate and sparkling as now. All the trappings of the military world are alluring."

"Military music is full of piercing notes, which set the corpuscles of the blood dancing. But military music is not the music of war. The music of war is the groans of wounded and dying men and the sobs of broken hearted women. Military music is one of the embroidered veils thrown over the face of war to make boys think that war is glorious."

A Mulberry Tree Legend.

The mulberry, "wisest of trees," as Pliny termed it, really "likes" London and fruits profusely even in the grounds of the Charterhouse, at murky Smithfield. London mulberry trees are mainly derived from a fad of James I., who wanted to found a silk growing industry. With the proverbial folly of a pedant, the British Solomon introduced the black mulberry, disliked by silkworms, instead of the white variety, which forms their food. The black mulberry had been planted by Cardinal Pole at Lambeth in 1555, and there were still older specimens in the garden of Syon House. According to a pretty Greek legend, all mulberries were originally white, but a mulberry tree was growing beside "Ninny's tomb" when Pyramus and Thisbe died there, and the blood of the lovers turned the fruit to its present color.

To Enjoy the Popular Dances.

The feet must be free from pain. Many women and men realize the comfort to be enjoyed by using Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes before the dance. Since dancing has become so popular, Allen's Foot-Ease is in demand everywhere because it rests the feet and makes dancing a delight. For Free sample, Address

The Federal Reserve Banks.

The Federal Reserve system will not make a good bank out of a bad one, but it gives added strength to every well managed institution.

We are still receiving subscriptions in aid of the helpless sufferers in Europe.

The First National Bank,

Bellefonte,

Penna.

REMEMBER!

THAT WE SELL

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Of all kinds for building Houses, Barns, Fences

Porches, Pavements. Also

RED CEDAR SHINGLES

— AND —

PAROID ROOFING

The best Roofing we know of, also

Neponset Wall Board

in various colors to imitate real wood; it needs no paint. We have for sale cheap, a lot of used machinery, Engines, shop soiled Sash Doors, Moulding etc.

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Central R. R. of Penna. Train

Leave, Bellefonte for Mill Hall, 7:05

A. M., 2:20 and 6:35 P. M.

Leave, Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37

A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD

On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1914

trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

WESTWARD.	Lv.	A. M.			P. M.		
		1	2	3	4	5	6
Bellefonte	6:30	10:15	2:00				
Coleville	6:35	10:20	2:05				
Morris	6:40	10:25	2:10				
Stevens	6:45	10:30	2:15				
Hunters Park	6:50	10:35	2:20				
Fillmore	6:55	10:40	2:25				
Brady	7:00	10:45	2:30				
Wadsworth	7:05	10:50	2:35				
Krumpholtz	7:10	10:55	2:40				
State College	7:15	11:00	2:45				
Strables	7:20						
Bloomington	7:25						
Pine Grove Mills	7:30						

* Daily. † Daily except Sunday. "T" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

EASTWARD	Lv.	A. M.			P. M.		
		1	2	3	4	5	6
Pine Grove Mills	7:35				11:30		
Strables	7:40				11:35		
State College	7:45				11:40		
Krumpholtz	7:50				11:45		
Wadsworth	7:55				11:50		
Brady	8:00				11:55		
Fillmore	8:05				12:00		
Hunters Park	8:10				12:05		
Stevens	8:15				12:10		
Morris	8:20				12:15		
Coleville	8:25				12:20		
Bellefonte	8:30				12:25		

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 4 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbons. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 50 years' name is Best. Satisfies. Always Reliable. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Why He Didn't Cry.

Mother—Goodness, how did you hurt your finger so?

Little Son—With a hammer.

"When?"

"A good while ago."

"I didn't hear you cry."

"No, mother. I thought you were out."—Stray Stories.

Ancestors.

Our ancestors are very good kind of folks, but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.—Sheridan.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its youthful color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00 at drug stores.

The Main Thing About

FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amount of really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues \$5,000 Travel Policy at \$12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court --- Bellefonte, Pa.

Real Estate Bought and Sold,

RENTS COLLECTED.

Here and There.

Judge Orvis spent several days this week in Harrisburg.

Miss Martha McClure departed on Tuesday for Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Garber will hold a dance in the Arcade tomorrow evening.

Charles Corl, of Boalsburg, transacted business in town yesterday.

Nelson Showers, of Johnstown, was a visitor in town on Monday.

Mrs. G. O. Benner, of Centre Hall, was a shopping visitor in town on Tuesday.

Miss Katherine Willard returned on Tuesday after a month's visit in Wilkesburg.

George T. Bush is expected to arrive home from Florida the latter part of the week.

Miss Adeline Olewine departed today for Connecticut, where she will visit with friends.

Edward Thompson returned home on Tuesday, after spending the past year in a sanitarium.

Miss Mabel Allison, of Spring Mills, spent several days this week with friends in Bellefonte.

Mrs. Edward Garman departed on Wednesday for Philadelphia, expecting to be gone one month.

Mrs. George B. Thompson and two children, of Alto, were shopping visitors in town this week.

Jean Schell, of Lock Haven, visited here several days last week as the guest of Miss Daisy Keichline.

Elliott Hollobaugh, of Altoona, enjoyed a very delightful visit over Sunday with his parents at Coleville.

Harry C. Brew, of Philadelphia, spent Saturday and Sunday here with his sister, Mrs. Harry E. Fenlon.

Mr. and Mrs. Kline Woodring spent the early part of the week in Williamsport in consultation with Dr. Haskins.

Miss Nancy Burrows, who had been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Hugh N. Crider, returned on Sunday to her home in Tyrone.

Miss Gertrude Lahé returned on Friday last to Tyrone, after a short visit spent very enjoyably at the Emanuel Noll home.

Mr. and Mrs. Kilpatrick returned on Tuesday to their home in Philadelphia, after a very enjoyable visit here with their son, Dr. J. J. Kilpatrick.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Crider were arrivals home on Tuesday, after a three weeks visit to Elizabeth and Atlantic City, N. J., and Philadelphia.

Miss Mary Simpson, Mrs. George Strong and Mrs. Sylvester Bixler, of Lock Haven, attended the funeral of the late Mrs. Nora Shelden on Friday of last week.

At the annual reunion of Sheridan troopers who served in the Spanish-American war, George B. Thompson, of Alto, was elected president of the veterans association.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Glenn, who have been living in Monessen, but who will locate in Williamsport, have been spending the past ten days with relatives in State College and Bellefonte.

The household effects of Rev. and Mrs. John Hewitt, which have been stored here for some months, were shipped on Tuesday to Coldwater, Michigan, where the Hewitts will reside in the future.

Joseph D. Mitchell, of Barham, visited in town over Sunday, coming specially to see his brother, J. Thomas Mitchell, who is recovering slowly from the injury to his leg, sustained at an indoor baseball game some time ago.

John Eckels, who for the last eight years has been the right-hand man at the Gettig meatmarket, has resigned that position and will embark in the same line for himself at Pleasant Gap. Many friends will wish him success.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Foble, of Tyrone, visited over Sunday with Mrs. Foble's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Saylor, on East Beaver Street. Mrs. Saylor who has not been enjoying the best of health lately accompanied them back to Tyrone on Sunday.

David Chambers, of Clarence, accompanied by two sons of Reuben Eiters, of Snow Shoe, were in town on Monday and visited the hospital, where Mr. Eiters is receiving treatment preliminary to undergoing an operation, which likely will be performed in the next week or so.

George Dallas Dixon, of Philadelphia, a vice president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, came to Bellefonte last Thursday night in his private car to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. Nora Shelden on Friday. He was accompanied home by Mrs. Dixon, who was a sister of Mrs. Shelden.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Cook and daughter, Miss Grace Cook, departed on Tuesday for California, expecting to be gone several months. Mrs. Cook has about recovered fully from the injuries she sustained in the coasting accident at the corner of Allegheny and Main Streets several weeks ago.

The Philadelphia High School girls basketball team and the Bellefonte High School girls team will play in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium on Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. There will also be a game between the Bellefonte High School girls team and another local team. Admission 25c.

Oliver Witmer, of Altoona, spent Sunday with friends in town.

E. P. Irvin, of Cherrytree, visited here with Mrs. Irvin over Sunday.

Frank Derstine and son, of Altoona, were visitors in town over Sunday.

Colonel W. Fred Reynolds was a passenger to Philadelphia on Tuesday.

Miss Blanche Henry departed on Tuesday for her home in Williamsport.

Mrs. Robert Swan, of Pittsburgh, is visiting with her son at the Bush House.

James Rice spent last week on a business trip to Bloomsburg, returning home on Monday.

Mrs. Margaret Emerick Dead.

Mrs. Margaret Emerick, wife of John Emerick, died at her home at Lakemont Terrace, Altoona, early Monday morning of a complication of diseases. She was born at Bellefonte June 10, 1851, and was married at this place in 1878. She has made her home in Altoona since that time. She was a member of the Third Presbyterian church. She is survived by her husband, two brothers and two sisters: John D. Love, of Bellefonte; William Love, of Altoona; Mrs. Catherine Coffman, of Altoona, and Miss Mary Love, of Lock Haven. Services were conducted at her late home Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock by Rev. J. E. Irvine. The body was removed to Bellefonte Wednesday morning and interment will be made here Friday at 1:30 p. m.

Mrs. Lavina Winslow Dead.

Mrs. Lavina Winslow, a highly esteemed resident of Blanchard, died at her late home at that place on Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, from the effects of a stroke of paralysis suffered on the previous Saturday. She never regained consciousness from the time she was stricken. She was the widow of Joseph Winslow and was aged nearly 70 years. She was a life-long member of the Disciple church. Surviving are these children: Mrs. William Bitner, Alvin, Mrs. George Schenck and Nellie, all of Blanchard; George, of Bellwood; Mrs. W. R. Welsh, of Avis; Edward, Mrs. Foster Schenck, of Beech Creek; Mrs. Harry Hemesly, of Johnsonburg, and Harry, of Scranton. Funeral services will be held from the Blanchard Disciple church on Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Miss Z. K. Bathurst Dead.

Miss Zella Katherine Bathurst, died on Saturday evening, last, at her late home at Lock Haven, following an illness of two weeks. She was aged 21 years and was a daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Bathurst. Surviving are her mother and two sisters: Mrs. Alfred Strickland, of Mt. Eagle, and Mrs. W. S. Wasson, of Lock Haven. Funeral services were held in Lock Haven on Monday evening and on Tuesday the body was taken to Mt. Eagle for interment.

James F. Goss Dead.

James F. Goss, a well known resident of Taylor township, died at his late home on Wednesday of last week from stomach trouble. He had been in poor health for about nine months. Surviving are his widow, who was formerly Miss Anna M. Henderson, and eight children: William, Olive, Milton, Mabel, Grace, Herbert, Helen and Anna, all at home. Funeral services were held at Mt. Pleasant, conducted by Revs. Mr. Moses and Mr. Cook.

Lutheran Church Services.

Next Sunday morning at 10:45 o'clock at the Lutheran church Rev. W. M. B. Glanding will preach the third sermon on the life of St. Paul under the topic, "Saul of Tarsus, a Chosen Vessel." In the evening at 7:30 o'clock the subject of the sermon will be, "The Fourth Chapter of the Prodigal Son, 'The Latching Hangs on the Outside.'" You are welcome.

Marriage Licenses.

Register J. Frank Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Joseph P. Stere Fleming, Bellefonte.
Freda M. Reynolds Spring Twp.
Andrew C. Jordan College Twp.
Gertrude I. Shuey Oak Hall.
Wayne R. Rishel Oak Hall.
Mildred E. Whitehill Oak Hall.
David Vaughn Sandy Ridge.
Norah Roach Rush Twp.

Rishel-Whitehill.

On Saturday, January 23d, at the personage of the Lutheran church in Bellefonte, Wayne R. Rishel and Miss Mildred E. Whitehill, both of Oak Hall, were united in marriage by the pastor, Rev. W. M. B. Glanding. The numerous friends of the young couple extend congratulations and best wishes.

Hospital Notes.

Admitted for treatment—Mrs. Anna Jackson, State College; William Johnson Milesburg; Chester Young, Curtin; Stella Bruns, Unionville.

Operations—John Martino, Buffalo Run; Mildred Hagg, aged 4; Mary Shuey, aged 12; Mrs. Nannie Lutz, Bellefonte.

39 patients in the hospital.

Steel Dividend Passed.

The dividend on the common stock of United States Steel was passed by at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the company on Tuesday. The dividend had already been reduced to 2%. Failure to declare any dividend was attributed to the general depression in business.

THE HEART OF POLAND.

Cracow, Its Buried Patriots and the Hill of Kosciusko.

Cracow is the ancient capital of Poland, the city around which cluster most of the glorious memories of that lost but not forgotten kingdom. There for more than 400 years the kings of Poland were crowned and buried, and for more than 300 years it was their seat of government.

There lie buried Jan Sobieski, who delivered Vienna—and thereby all Europe—from the Turks; Poniatowski, the famous general who became one of Napoleon's marshals; Mickiewicz, the poet of Poland, and Kosciusko, the patriot hero of the Poles. The tombs of all four are in the Stanislas cathedral, a beautiful Gothic church built in 1359, that crowns the Wawel, a rocky hill that rises on the edge of the town. There are other fine churches in the city, the Augustinian and Dominican among them, and there is also the great royal castle, which was long the residence of the kings of Poland, and fell to the uses of a barracks after the kingdom was divided and which has within the last fifty years been restored.

The city also contains a very famous old university, which dates from 1364 and in age is second only to Prague among the universities of Europe.

Cracow itself was founded about 700 A. D. More than once it was destroyed by the Tartars, rebuilt and reconquered by Polish, German and Bohemian settlers. From 1305 to 1610 it was the capital of Poland. Later it was part of the grand duchy of Warsaw, and from 1815 to 1846 it was, with its immediate neighborhood, a free and neutral state, a distinction it lost when internal disorders gave Austria an excuse to step in and take possession of the town.

One of the most interesting things in Cracow is Kosciusko hill, a mound of earth on the top of the Borslava hill. It is made up of handfuls of earth brought by Poles from every corner of the kingdom and thrown together to form a memorial to the Polish patriot, composed of the soil of the country he loved so well. Across the river Vistula on Krakus hill there is a similar mound, which is said to be almost 1,200 years old. It was, so tradition says, raised in the same way to the memory of Krakus, the Slavic prince who founded the city.

To the patriotic Pole Cracow is always the spiritual center of his fatherland—the "heart of Poland."—Youth's Companion.

SIBERIAN VILLAGES.

Life of the Peasants, Their Cottages and Their Steam Baths.

An interesting account of the characteristics of Siberian villages is given in his book, "Siberia," by M. P. Price.

"The villages through which we traveled on the way were Russian in every respect. Streets were wide and full of ruts and slime. The houses had log frames and rough hewn boards for the roof. They had a clean and well kept appearance and were surrounded by fences of wooden boards. Through the fence a gateway opened into a courtyard where the live stock were kept. A stream generally runs behind the village, and the manure from the yards is pitched in heaps along its banks, being carried away each year by the spring floods.

"There is a large room with a brick stove, taking up perhaps a quarter of the room. In this the family eat, live and sleep—some on the stove and some on the floor—while a separate small room is kept and reserved for visitors or others who are not members of the family. The rooms are whitewashed, and each member of the family has a steam bath every week in a hot kept for the purpose outside.

"The notion that the Russian peasant is habitually dirty is most mistaken. Here, at all events, the average Siberian peasant's house could compete with the best cottages in rural England. The temperature of the rooms is generally rather a trial to such as are not used to extreme cold outside and sealed windows with a stove inside."

Chocolate.

Although the "drink called chocolate" did not appear in England until 1607, its restorative properties soon became generally known. Thus on May 24, 1661, after an evening of carousing, Pepys "worked in the morning, with my head in a sad-taking through the last night's drink, which I am very sorry for; so rose and went out with Mr. Creed to drink our morning draft, which he did give me in chocolate to settle my stomach."

Tart Retort.

When "Orator" Hunt, who was a blacking manufacturer, was in parliament, Sir Robert Peel so far forgot himself in the course of an argument as to taunt him with this fact. Whereupon Hunt replied: "The truth is, the honorable member is the first tradesman in his family, and I am the first tradesman in mine."

A Welsh Word.

In north Wales the Welsh word for "now" is "rwan." In south Wales it is "tuan," spelled backward—viz. "naw." It is conjectured that the first north Welshman who made use of the word was standing on his head at the time and that his pronunciation became general—Cardiff Western Mail.

Mending the Hot Water Bag.

A hole in a hot water bag can be repaired by the same means as a puncture in a bicycle tire. Drop a small brass pin into the bag, work the threaded end through the hole and screw on a thimble. This will hold indefinitely.

Port Matilda.

Mrs. G. R. Price returned Sunday evening from a two weeks' visit with her daughter, Mrs. Sanford Miller, in Altoona. Mrs. James Cowher, another daughter went to Altoona Friday, returning with her mother Sunday evening.

Miss Ida Turner, who has been seriously ill for several weeks, is slowly improving.

Mrs. Dr. Harshberger shopped in Tyrone Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sharer, of Altoona spent Sunday at A. J. Johnson's.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Moyer, former residents of this place, but now residing in the western part of the state, made a short visit among friends here last week.

Mrs. Charles Richards, of Tyrone, spent a few days at her parental home recently.

Mrs. Celia Hoover, of Julian, is visiting at A. W. Reese's and Wm. Shultz's.

Mrs. O. C. Jones of Altoona, and daughter Mrs. J. M. Graham of Newton Hamilton, formerly of this place, spent a day among friends here recently.

Special services, conducted by the pastor, Rev. W. F. Carson, are now in progress in the Presbyterian Church. These services are well attended and should result in much good.

Mrs. A. S. Price, who has been ill, is again able to be about as usual.

Mr. and Mrs. McFarland, of Boalsburg were recent guests at Dr. J. A. Thompson's.

Rev. Cook, the M. E. minister, is holding special services at Bald Eagle, having finished a very successful series of meetings at Julian.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Weston visited the former's brother, in Trafford City recently. Mrs. Weston's mother, who had been very ill is somewhat improved.

Mrs. Aaron Williams spent Sunday with her sisters in Altoona.

Mrs. Cook is spending some time at her parental home in Flemington.

Many are the jolly sledding parties this fine winter weather. Last Wednesday a party sledded to Collins Mattern's on the other side of the ridge, and on Saturday another jolly party to John Gray's also in the Halfmoon valley.

Tuesday night of this week a crowd of young folks went to Pions Richard's near Hannah. On Wednesday the children and friends of Mrs. Elizabeth Woodring sledded to her home near town and spent the day in honor of her seventy-seventh birthday. Needless to say a very pleasant time was spent at all these places, and of course the good things to eat were not wanting.

Read "The Republican" \$1.50 a year

Embarrassing.

In South Africa General French earned the title of "the shirt sleeved general." Mr. Chisholm says in "Sir John French." General French was often to be seen walking about in camp in shirt sleeves. One afternoon a correspondent rode up to the lines and, seeing a soldier sitting on a bundle of hay smoking a dilapidated looking old briar pipe, asked where the general was.

"The old man is somewhere about," coolly replied the soldier.

"Well, just hold my horse while I go and search for him."

"Certainly, sir," and the smoker rose obediently and took the briar.

"Can you tell me where the general is?" inquired the correspondent of a staff officer farther down the line.

"General French? Oh, he's some where about. Why, there he is, holding that horse's head!"

And the officer pointed directly to the smoker, still tranquilly pulling at his pipe and holding the horse.

City of Magnificent Distances.

When the government was moved to Washington in 1800 it was far from being a satisfactory place of residence. The city was laid out in the wilderness. They "took to the woods" for a capital city. It was the first time that a government had actually gone into the wilds and selected a site for a capital and laid out its city on a well defined plan. As beautiful as we consider Washington today, the minister from Portugal, the Abbe Correa, who was considered one of the greatest wits of his time and who in 1816 called it "the city of magnificent distances," so named it purely in derision. In that day there was little but distance in the city. As late as 1842 Charles Dickens, after his visit, wrote that "its streets begin in nothing and lead nowhere."—Frederick L. Fishback in National Magazine.

Avoid Introspection.

Photographer (taking plain looking girl and her escort)—Now, try not to think of yourselves at all—think of something pleasant—London Opinion.

The Turkish Empire.

The Turkish empire is composed of many mixed races. It includes Greeks, Slavs, Albanians, Armenians, Jews and Circassians.

There is no wisdom like frankness.—Beaconfield.

Shot Large Wild Cat.

Irvin Delong, of near Beech Creek, on Tuesday shot and killed a wild cat that weighed 24 pounds. It was one of the largest specimens killed in the mountains of Clinton County in many years.

To feel strong, have good appetite and digestion, sleep soundly and enjoy life, use Burdock Blood Bitters, the family system tonic. Price, \$1.00.

Clerk-Carrier Examination.

A civil service examination for applicants for the position of clerk-carrier for the Bellefonte postoffice will be held in Bellefonte on February 13th. Application blanks and circulars giving information may be had by applying to the Bellefonte postoffice, or to the Secretary of the Third U. S. Civil Service District, Postoffice Building, Philadelphia, Pa. Each applicant will be required to submit to the examiner on the day of examination a photograph of himself taken within two years.

For Sale Cheap

One 1½ H. P. Keystone

Gasoline Engine

GARBRICK BROS.

Bellefonte, Pa.

Office at Big Spring Both Phone

SEWING MACHINES

I am selling the two best Sewing Machines made—the Standard Rotary and the Eldridge Rotary.

I keep in stock other and cheaper machines and as low in price as you can buy them in Chicago.

I repair all makes of sewing machines and keep in stock shuttles and needles, also key blanks.

My shop is on West Bishop Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

G. C. Clements.

AWNINGS

Also Tents, Horse and Wagon

Covers, etc. Walters Metal

Shingles. Get Our Prices.



W. L. Steele, Jr.

Bellefonte, Pa.

COMMERCIAL PHONE

JANUARY SALES!

Our January Sale has "cornered" the respect of every shrewd buyer in town.

No sale we have ever held has so quickly "come into its own."

Though but a few days old, this January Clearance is already moving along with a tremendous momentum. The very first hour of its operation found it occupying the center of the stage.

We do not mean to let the sale languish or grow uninteresting. The values are as great as ever and the full assortments present an unequalled opportunity to satisfy your preference precisely.

Though the sale is an annual occurrence the present one is more interesting than any of its predecessors—large stocks made larger reductions necessary and brought values up to a higher pitch of interest.

\$30 Suits or Overcoats now	\$22.50
\$28 " " " "	\$21.00
\$25 " " " "	\$18.75
\$22 " " " "	\$16.50
\$20 " " " "	\$15.00
\$18 " " " "	\$13.50
\$15 " " " "	\$11.25
\$12 " " " "	\$9.00

Possibly your apparel needs for the present season are satisfied—that should not prevent you from "looking ahead." Values like these are not apt to be repeated before you need new clothes again.

ALSO ONE-THIRD REDUCTION OF ALL BOYS CLOTHING

Montgomery & Co.